

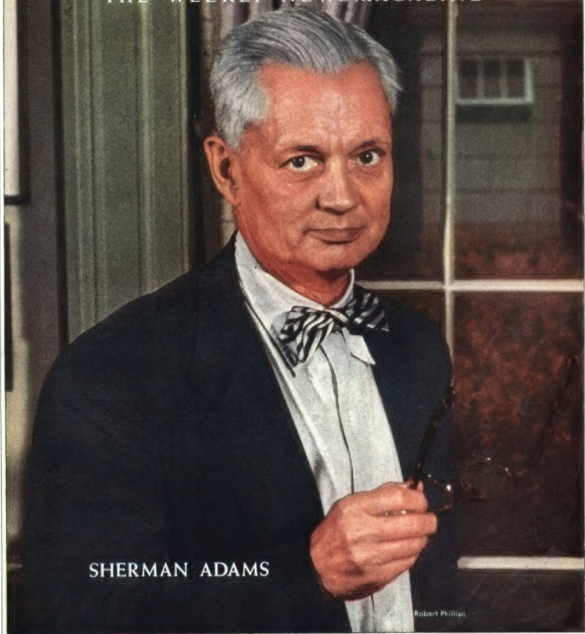
TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

JUNE 30, 1958

MASTERPIECES
of the LOUVRE

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



SHERMAN ADAMS

Robert Phillips

\$7.00 A YEAR

(REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.)

VOL. LXXI NO. 26



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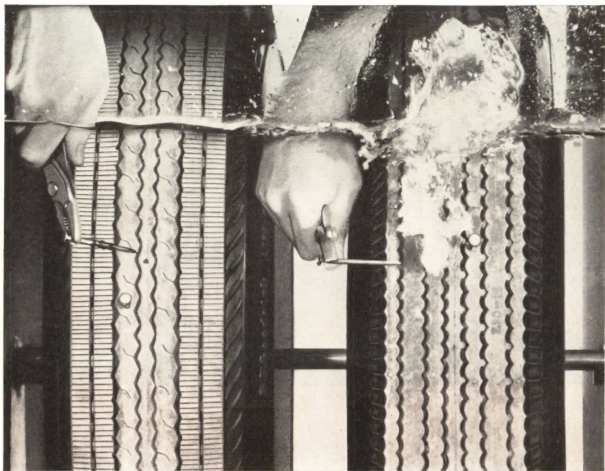
IT COSTS NO MORE FOR EXTRA CARE—FLY UNITED, THE RADAR LINE

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Smileage!



Life-Saver doesn't lose air when nail is removed!

Ordinary tubeless tire goes flat when nail is removed!

Underwater test proves: B.F. Goodrich Life-Saver seals punctures permanently—nail in or out!

HERE'S PROOF that B.F. Goodrich Life-Saver Silvertowns don't lose a pound of air—even when nails are removed. Pull the nails from an ordinary tubeless tire (right), and the air gushes out immediately. The tire goes flat!

But the B.F. Goodrich Life-Saver (left) holds its air—nail in or out—because a patented gummy sealant closes *instantly* around the nail when it enters the tire. Pull out the nail—and the sealant *fills up the hole permanently*. An air-tight repair job.

Same thing happens on the highway. If you run an ordinary

tubeless over a nail, sooner or later you've got to change that tire. If you run a B.F. Goodrich Life-Saver over a nail, you keep rolling!

If you're the kind of driver who hates to picture yourself or your wife changing a flat, see your nearby B.F. Goodrich dealer. He's listed in the Yellow Pages. Ask him about a set of B.F. Goodrich Life-Saver Silvertowns—with bruise-resisting nylon cords. Four tires—only \$4 down. *B.F. Goodrich Tire Company, A Division of The B.F. Goodrich Company.*

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B.F. Goodrich *Life-Saver Silvertown tires*

**IBM****MANAGEMENT
INTERVIEW**

Mr. Richard S. Wolff, President, Camloc Fastener Corporation, Paramus, N. J.

For the world of small business —

IBM PUNCHED CARDS BRING BIG SAVINGS

"Electronic computers are fine for the larger companies, but what about us?" ask many small-company executives. "We need to cut paperwork costs and get information fast, *too*."

Here in an interview with key executives of a growing, progressive company you'll find the answer to that challenge—simplified IBM punched card methods that bring profitable results to many areas of one business.

The company is Camloc Fastener Corporation of Paramus, New Jersey, manufacturers of quick-operating fasteners for industry. The executives are: Richard S. Wolff, President, Theodore A. Barkauskas, General Superintendent, Wm. E. Bracey, Eastern Sales Manager, and Henry Cooper, Office Manager.

Q. Mr. Wolff, what were some of the problems you faced before you installed IBM punched card accounting?

A. Our growth was far outrunning our ability to control the operation. We couldn't get the information we needed to analyze sales or plan production. Invoices and statements were far behind. And as you might guess, customer service was suffering.

Q. Which of these areas would you say caused the most difficulty?

A. They're all tied together. We were trying to overcome the difficulties inherent in any manual system. Our business was expanding quite rapidly and we were running out of room in which we might put additional people. At this point, we decided to investigate machine accounting. We looked into several different types and found that IBM punched cards offered both the detail and control we needed.

Q. How do you use these punched cards?

A. We punch customers' order information in the IBM cards and then we use the information over and over again to produce the documents and reports we require. This includes packing lists, invoices, accounts receivable, updated production reports and sales analysis.

Q. Did you anticipate when you started that you'd be using the punched cards for so many areas of your business?

A. To some extent. But what really surprised us was the speed and ease with which these documents and reports could be made available. We just have to punch the data once—and it's machine processed from there on.

Q. Can you point to specific benefits of your IBM operation?

A. Yes. Many. We were as much as a month behind in our statements. Now they're in the mail the first business day of each month even though now we are handling twice as many orders and twice as many shipments as we were before. We're able to advise our customers speedily and accurately of the status of their orders. In other words, we're *controlling* the business now; it's not controlling us.

CAMLOC REPORTS BENEFITS IN MANY AREAS...

RECEIVABLES: "Now we get every bill out the day after shipment—and we've added 25% to our working capital by bringing the funds in sooner."—Richard S. Wolff, President.

CUSTOMER SERVICE: "As soon as we put the IBM system to work the complaints ceased, the phones stopped ringing, customers were getting their shipments on time."—Wm. E. Bracey, Sales.

BILLING: "Our clerical costs today would be four times as great without the IBM system."—Henry Cooper, Office Manager.

PRODUCTION: "Our records used to be from a week to a month late. Now we know what our requirements are for each week eight weeks in advance."—Theodore A. Barkauskas, General Supt.

SALES: "We are able to give our field representatives analyses never before possible—as an automatic by-product of our billing."—Wm. E. Bracey, Sales.

INVENTORY: "We've been able to reduce our investment in inventory by 10%."—Richard S. Wolff, President.

Vital reports are produced with this compact IBM punched card installation for Camloc's Office Manager Henry Cooper, Wm. E. Bracey, Sales, and General Superintendent Theodore A. Barkauskas (l. to r.). Operating the key punch is Eleanor Frenzel.



LETTERS

Cries from the Jungle

Sir: "Pink Jungle" [June 16]. How could you do it! American men should know better, but any non-American reading that article would really be convinced that all American women are taught but a flock of foolish painted sheep. Also, unlike a decent, useful flock of sheep who always know their shepherd, we can't even be sure who is the crazy shepherd of the painted flock. For the millions of us who aren't like that—I'm mad!

DOROTHY T. GIBNEY
Hempstead, N.Y.

Sir: I wonder if La Pompadour went to bed all gooked up? If not, how ever did she get her "psychological lift"?

Mrs. W. L. VENNING JR.
Boise, Idaho

Sir: I am a farmer's wife, and this letter is prompted by Max Factor's remark and insinuation that farm women do not wear lipstick! I would like Mr. Factor to know that my hair is styled at Antoine's, I buy Rubinstein, Arden and Antoine cosmetics, and did buy Max Factor's lipstick.

Mrs. CLARK ROBSON
Coldharbor, N. Dak.

Sir: I liked the story, although I am pretty sure some of our people will be a bit unhappy. Some of them usually are.

S. L. MAYHAM
Executive Vice President
The Toilet Goods Assoc., Inc.
New York City

SIR: SINCE I AM ONE OF THE LEADERS OF THE "INDUSTRY" MENTIONED AS CONFESSING TO A FAILURE TO SELL MORE PERFUME TO AMERICAN WOMEN, PERMIT ME TO SET THE RECORD STRAIGHT. THE PROBLEM IS NOT TO SELL WOMEN BUT TO SELL MEN, WHO BUY 75% OF ALL PERFUME WORN BY WOMEN. MEN BUY THE PERFUME THEY WANT WOMEN TO WEAR, AND WOMEN WOULD DO WELL TO STAY WITH THAT PERFUME AS LONG AS SHE STAYS WITH THE MAN.

EDOUARD L. COURNAND
PRESIDENT
LANVIN PARFUMS, INC.
NEW YORK CITY

Sir: Who wants to smell like everyone else at \$12 a drop? My husband's after-shave

lotion makes me unique among most women I come in contact with, and that at 98¢ a family-size bottle.

MRS. JOHN A. GRES
Washington, D.C.

Sir: The American woman really has no desire to look beautiful, or else she would not spend so much time eating rich foods. The U.S. is rapidly producing painted women who are but shells bleached and dyed hair, and aglow with exotic scents. They are afraid to face themselves as they are.

JEREMY S. WOOD
Upper Montclair, N.J.

Sir: Poor Jean Locke—she must feel like she'd been hit in the face with a custard pie, and left to dry!

MARJEANE ADAMS
Arcadia, Calif.

Sir: If, with all their know-how, experience and wealth, Mesdames Arden and Rubinstein have not succeeded in evading wrinkles, why should I try?

J. MORISON
New York City

Crybaby Generation

Sir: Only one with a heart of stone could stand unmoved by the trials and tribulations of the American Beats and the English Angries [June 9]. Nor is history likely to forget them either. As long as man stands just a little straighter, his head a little higher, in the presence of whines and howls and poor-folks writing, there will always be a place in his memory for the Crybaby Generation.

NUNNALLY JOHNSON
Beverly Hills, Calif.

Sir: All this foaming by the Beat Generation and the Angry Young Men is the result of overpopulation, the taking of oneself too seriously, and the herd instinct to compare one's lot with one's fellow man.

C. OVRILL
Santa Ana, Calif.

Counterpoint

Sir: Your June 9 reporting on rock-'n'-roll Jerry Lee Lewis and *The Beat Generation* and the *Angry Young Men*, leaves me generously nauseated. After returning from two years duty in the Far East, I am seriously concerned over the very evident change in

our country's cultural and amusement pursuits. When a supposedly enlightened people commence raising such types to positions of wealth and influence, then we as a nation have taken a long step toward fulfilling Marx's prophecy for capitalism. It is obvious that our churches, schools and parents have a monumental job ahead.

D. H. CALLAHAN
Captain, U.S.A.
Fort Riley, Kans.

Sir: Teen-agers who bristle to the defense of their rock-'n'-roll idols upon the slightest criticism from adults will doubtless be able to dream up some excuse for the deplorable antics of our latest good-will ambassador, Jerry Lee Lewis. I wonder how many of them, after reading your story, bothered to turn to the Education section and read how Pat Boone, a really good singer, can also win fame (and a degree, *magna cum laude*, from Columbia) and still be a nice guy with a spotless personal life.

CHARLES H. ROW JR.
Houston

General Quarters!

Sir: The June 9 article "Unlucky Ship" has been read throughout our ship, the U.S.S. *Silverstein* DE-534. It is our opinion that you have done our ship and our skipper a great injustice especially for the phrase "the Bad Ship *Silverstein*." The *Silverstein* is the best ship in the U.S. Navy, and the crew is proud to serve on her.

THE CREW OF THE *Silverstein*
% Postmaster
San Francisco

Rapture of the Heavens?

Sir: Re the exhilaration felt by Time's Gilbert Cant after a few seconds' exposure to weightlessness [June 9]. May not weightlessness of longer duration produce an empyreal euphoria comparable to the "rapture of the deep"? What if buoyancy "to the point of exaltation" makes a modern inhabitant of the heavens decide he is God?

ELISE W. HEALD
Hopkins, Minn.

The Face of Alaska

Sir: Congratulations for the nice story that for once pictured Alaskans as they are—and not as a native grinning from under a fur parka. Even the natives in Alaska have switched in the majority to the chemise for women and grey flannel for men.

L. M. WILLIAMS JR.
Petersburg, Alaska

Sir: We have been treating Hawaii and Alaska in the same way France has been treating Algeria—forcing upon their citizens the duties of American citizenship without its rights. Thank God that the territories' citizens have been taking their maltreatment in better humor than the Algerians will have.

CHARLES WELLS
Harlingen A.F.B., Texas

Sir: If Hawaii is neglected, the U.S. motto should be "Of the prejudice, by the prejudice and for the prejudice."

JACKSON LI
Englewood Cliffs, N.J.

Sir: I have lived in Honolulu a year now, and must say that Alaska (12 years residence) is far more ready for statehood than Hawaii

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**"Here's the key to the car, Son ...
but don't forget, responsibilities go with it."**

"As a new driver, remember you have some mighty important obligations. Your own safety—the security of others—your family's peace of mind—all of these depend on your care, your caution, your courtesy when behind the wheel."

Most parents spend some anxious hours when their teen-agers first begin to drive—and with very good reason.

For statistics tell us that it is in the 15-to-19 age group—the ages at which most young people usually start driving—that accident fatalities are at their peak.

One of the first things that should be impressed on young people is the power and speed of today's cars.

If this power is misused—if the driver "steps on it" for a thrill—he is asking for an accident. But if he learns to respect power and the necessity for keeping it under control, he will be a safer, more skillful motorist.

In addition, young drivers need to become thoroughly familiar with the rules of the road, and learn the importance of constant attention to driving. The driver whose attention is diverted can lose control of his car before he realizes it.

Young drivers—especially those who take courses offered in many high schools—make far better drivers than others taught by less competent teachers. If your school does not give safe driving courses, ask your

police department where to get competent instruction.

Young drivers gain a lot from parents who set good examples of safety. Parents who strictly observe speed and all other traffic regulations can be far surer that their teen-agers will do likewise when trusted with the family car.

Last year thirty-eight thousand Americans died in traffic accidents and well over a million were injured. We can reduce this toll if all drivers—*young and old*—will drive at all times with care, caution, and courtesy.

To increase the safety and pleasure of your motoring, write for Metropolitan's *Guide to Good Driving*. Use the coupon below for your free copy.

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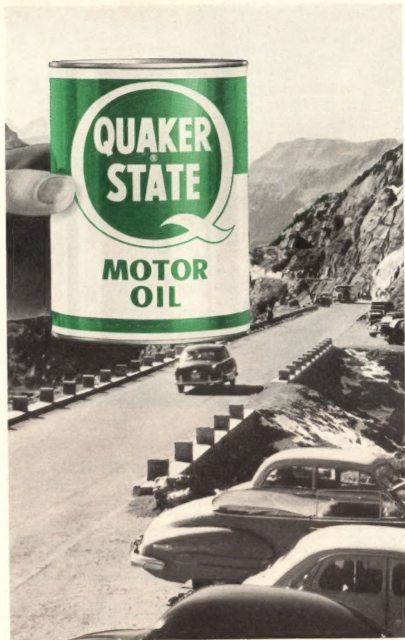
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will ever be. Alaska gets things done, but Hawaii is too full of petty political bickering locally to be entrusted with the greater responsibility of statehood.

BETTY JUNE DIAMOND

Honolulu, T.H.

Sir:

I would like to call your attention to the poem with which you preceded your story. It is not anonymous. It is the second stanza of a poem by Sam C. Dunham, called *Alaska to Uncle Sam* (published in 1899). Here is the first stanza:

*Sitting on my greatest glacier,
With my feet in Bering Sea,
I am thinking, cold and lonely,
Of the way you've treated me,
Three-and-thirty years of silence!
Through ten thousand sleepless nights
I've been praying for your coming—
For the dawn of civil rights.*

HELEN A. SHENITZ

Alaska Historical Library and Museum
Juneau, Alaska

Sir:

In the early '20s Tom Waring, accompanied by brother Fred's orchestra, sang an Eskimo novelty song, part of the lyrics were: "... Can you imagine wine, women and song / on a night up there, six months long. / Oogie Oogie, Wa! Wa!"

M. LUCAS

Farmington, Mich.

Cow Over Calf?

Sir:

Re the story "Santa Claus, 1958": I did not say that my farm is making money hand over fist. The fact is that the farm is not making money "hand over fist" in any sense of the expression.

I regard the agricultural recession as a very live and vital political issue. I explained that the largest supply of feed this country has ever accumulated is causing farmers to withhold cows and sows and younger breeding stock from the market in the hope of finding a more satisfactory outlet for this burdensome supply of feed. And I further explained that when these animals and their progeny come to market, we will see a return of the disastrously low prices which livestock farmers have experienced so often during the last five years.

CLAUDE R. WICKARD

Camden, Ind.

¶ Perhaps TIME should have said "cow over calf." Ex-Secretary of Agriculture (1940-45) Wickard said: "My son-in-law and I sold ten Holstein cows the other day for \$240 each. I didn't believe in Santa Claus until then."—ED.

Sculptor's Choice

Sir:

I appreciate TIME Reader Raphael McKay's choice of my *Grand Bather* over Brigitte Bardot. As for me—I prefer Brigitte.

EMILIO GRECO

Rome

Aa That's Guid

Sir:

Be thanikit for TIME [June 9] wi the braw story ennt mase! My wife likes the photograph, but it's a yey peety I didna pit on the kilt that day. I'm at hame the feck o the simmer, and my wife and bairns are here binnae at sennicht-ends and a sennicht or twa in July. Wishin ye aa that's guid.

DOUGLAS YOUNG

Tayport, Scotland

TIME

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A letter from the PUBLISHER

James A. Linen



UNUSED NAGY COVER

I WANT the world to know there can be no compromise. So ran one of the last messages scribbled by Premier Imre Nagy in the bloody days of November 1956, when Soviet tanks were stamping out the last flames of the Hungarian revolt, and Nagy himself was a subject of a TIME cover that never ran (*see cut*). Last week the world learned that there had indeed been no compromise—either on the part of Imre Nagy or on the part of Nikita Khrushchev. The reasons for Nagy's obduracy in not confessing before his execution were simple and heroic; those of Khrushchev were neither. For what the West knows—and for what it can only guess—about Khrushchev's motives, see FOREIGN NEWS, *The Cause of Murder*.

HUNGARY and the Middle East have a way of coming alive together, just as they did when the revolt in Budapest and the attack on Suez coincided. Last week the U.N. was once again moving in observers to ensure Middle East peace, and there was talk of whether the U.S. might have to go to the rescue in Lebanon. The U.S. was not eager to: it was in fact the fifth and least attractive of remedies. See FOREIGN NEWS, *Five Stages to Peace*.

REACHING for superlatives in the hit song of his Broadway musical, *Anything Goes*, in 1934, Songster Cole Porter forged an unusual link between popular music and great art, wrote: "You're the top, you're the Louvre Museum." While France is considerably less than she was 24 years ago, the Louvre is still the top. Last January, over lunch in Manhattan with visiting Louvre Chief, Curator Germain Bazin, TIME editors began laying the groundwork for a comprehensive report on the Louvre and its great collection, to be keyed to a two-volume study of the museum being published this year. Photographer Eric Schaaf was sent from Switzerland to take color photos of the Louvre masterworks, found himself up against rigid regulations limiting photographers to two lights (of not more than 250 watts) at a distance of more than ten feet. To make faithful reproductions of the paintings, Schaaf worked long hours at night in the empty galleries. For Part I of the results, to be followed next week with four pages in color of the Louvre's *Jeu de Paume* collection of impressionist paintings, see ART, *Masterpieces of the Louvre*.

* In 1957 (Feb. 4 and Feb. 11) TIME published a similar two-part survey of the collection in Leningrad's Hermitage.



DETAIL OF LOUVRE PAINTING

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TIME, JUNE 30, 1958

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

"I Need Him"

In three words President Eisenhower stretched the point about his Administration that had made it one of the cleanest in U.S. political history. He permitted an exception to his principle that any member of the White House staff involved in improper conduct in office, however minor, should be kicked out. He decided instead to stand behind a man—his able chief of staff Sherman Adams—on the arguable but shifting ground that the man at the heart of the White House staff system was not only a valued friend and loyal associate but was indispensable. The President's three words: "I need him."

The President thus took up a position that would not be easy to retreat from. The President himself, as congressional and press critics pointed out, would henceforth be involved in the building criticism of Sherman Adams' imprudence. The President might even be involved, if only at third hand, in the still unfathomed life and times of Boston Operator Bernard Goldfine, the man that Sherman Adams vouches for.

It was not the first time that Dwight Eisenhower had stretched the point of principle to stand behind a man who

had misstepped, but who was nonetheless deemed indispensable to the nation. He stood behind Lieut. General George Patton in 1943 after Patton slapped a serviceman in hospital in Sicily, a different situation as to public conduct—and as to war—but similar in that critics insisted that Patton must go. Eisenhower stood by Patton: Patton rode on to glory; Eisenhower's wartime decision was justified. Now the measure of the size of Eisenhower's decision to stand by Sherman Adams was that Sherman Adams, in order to extricate his chief from his bitter dilemma, would have to 1) turn in a Patton-size performance from here on out, 2) find a way to settle the enormous political liabilities, or 3) take the action that the President did not take and fire himself.

THE ADMINISTRATION

Man in the Storm

[See Cover]

If anyone ever came to any part of this Government . . . claiming some privilege . . . on the basis that he is part of my family or of my friends, that he has any connection with the White House, he is to be thrown out instantly . . . I can't believe that anybody on my staff would ever be guilty of an indiscretion. But if

ever anything came to my attention of that kind, any part of this Government, that individual would be gone.

—Dwight D. Eisenhower, May 4, 1956

One day last week, two years and 55 days after he forcefully spelled out this rigid code at his press conference, the President of the U.S. stepped soberly before 257 newsmen with a sheaf of 5-in.-by-7-in. cards in his hands. On the cards was typed, in extra big size, a new statement. As he read, licking a finger now and then to dislodge the cards from the stack, the President boomed the words out in bass tones. "The intense publicity lately surrounding the name of Sherman Adams makes it desirable, even necessary, that I start this conference with an expression of my own views about the matter."

The President's voice rose. "The circumstances surrounding the innocent receipt by a public official of any gift are important, so that the public may clearly distinguish between innocent and guilty action . . . Anyone who knows Sherman Adams has never had any doubt of his personal integrity and honesty. No one has believed that he could be bought; but there is a feeling or belief that he was not sufficiently alert in making certain that the gifts, of which he was the recipient,



PRESIDENTIAL ASSISTANT ADAMS TESTIFYING BEFORE HOUSE SUBCOMMITTEE
A point stretched, a principle bent.

U.P.I.



OH, WELL . . . IT WAS JUST A BORROWED RUG

could be so misinterpreted as to be considered as attempts to influence his political actions. To that extent he has been, as he stated yesterday, 'imprudent.'

"Now, the utmost prudence must necessarily be observed by everyone attached to the White House . . . Carelessness must be avoided. I believe that the presentation made by Governor Adams to the congressional committee yesterday truthfully represents the pertinent facts.

"I personally like Governor Adams.

"I admire his abilities.

"I respect him because of his personal and official integrity.

"I need him.

"Admitting the lack of that careful prudence in this incident . . . I believe with my whole heart that he is an invaluable public servant doing a difficult job efficiently, honestly and tirelessly."

Armor & Rebellion. Thus Dwight Eisenhower talked into the swirling storm that had hit harder at the structure of his Administration and his party than any other big blow of his political career. For the first time the storm's eye centered on the White House and on a wiry (5 ft., 8 in., 135 lbs.) Presidential Assistant Sherman Adams, 59, ex-Governor of New Hampshire, presidential chief of staff and next to Ike the most powerful man in the Administration. Adams, by presidential assignment the guardian of the integrity that Ike had always promised, the man of stern incorruptibility who threw out Government appointees of high rank at the first whiff of scandal, was now himself in deep trouble for having tarnished the armor he had so ceaselessly polished.

The political scars that Adams had inflicted were plain to see. Across the nation, as Democratic politicians happily sat back to count their own unexpected blessings, Republican politicians were sullenly rebellious, and were demanding that Adams be fired. Officeholders and candidates—from county clerks to Governors and Senators—complained that they could not face campaign charges that the President's own dedicated assistant had accepted the generosity of a millionaire Boston name-dropper called Bernard Goldfine (see Investigations) and had interceded

for Goldfine in Government administrative agencies.

Policy & Tolerance. If the political implications were deep, the moral implications were clearly set out in the difference between the President's 1956 pronouncement and his defense of Adams. Why did Ike sacrifice the principle for the man?

Viewed from inside the Administration, Presidential Right-Hand Sherman Adams is crisply capable, and as near to indispensable as a man can be. Explains a top White House staffer: "Adams has been with the President since 1952, and he knows how he thinks better than any other man. He has talked with the President about policy more than any other man. The Governor has got tucked away in his head all the policy decisions the President has ever made, all the policy questions that have been laid aside for the right time all the questions that have been rejected. It would be impossible for any new man to operate like Adams operates. And the new man could never accumulate the knowledge that Adams has."

Faced with this realization, President Eisenhower excused in Sherman Adams an "imprudence" that he might not tolerate in anyone else.

The Decision. The admission by Sherman Adams that he had been "imprudent" was a concession that he made only after he saw that it was not enough to sit behind the White House gates and issue a statement attacking the "unwarranted and unfair insinuations" of his accusers. Before the House Special Subcommittee on Legislative Oversight came new charges that Adams received a vicuña coat and an Oriental rug from Goldfine, and also that Goldfine had paid Adams' hotel bills at the Waldorf-Astoria in Manhattan as well as others in Boston (TIME, June 23). Adams conferred with Ike; he had not changed his mind about sticking to his job. Neither he nor the President dis-



WHAT'S COOKING?



FROSTY THE SNOWMAN

cussed the question of whether Adams should resign, but both agreed that he should testify in person at the hearings.

Next day the usually punctual Adams appeared four minutes late at the door of the caucus room in the Old House Office Building. Thoughtfully, he surveyed the crammed chamber. Stepping aside, he let his wife Rachel pass before him. Then, pushing out his thin jaw, he breathed deeply, squared his shoulders, and in ram-rod military cadence marched past the press tables and took his place at the witness table with Ike's personal counsel, Gerald Morgan. During Chairman Owen Harris' opening remarks, Adams popped a Luden's cough drop into his mouth, took a paper clip off a sheaf of notes and listened. He bent and unbent the paper clip, put it carefully on the table in front of him, picked it up again, finally stowed it thriftily in his pocket.

The Friendship. Then, in an even, quiet, almost confidential tone that rang with a New Hampshireman's twang, Adams began reading from a prepared statement. "I have tried, throughout my service in the Government of the United States, to treat everyone courteously and to perform any requests which have been made of me efficiently and in accordance with the rules which I believe pertain to my particular activity." His voice sharpened, and his wide-set blue eyes darted up and raked the faces of the seven subcommittee members: "Is there any member of this committee who has not made a phone call for a constituent? Any member of the committee or of the Congress . . . who has not made an appointment?"

Adams told of his long friendship with Bernard Goldfine, "an upright and honest citizen, trustworthy and reliable . . ."

As for the nearly \$2,000 in hotel tabs paid by Goldfine, Adams testified that "particularly when driving, it was an accommodation to me to stop overnight on a trip from my home [in Lincoln, N.H.] to Washington and vice versa. Mr. Goldfine on one occasion said to me, 'If there is any time when you would like to stay in a suite which I have in a hotel in Bos-

ton. I hope you will occupy it, because it is there, paid for, and I would be glad to have you enjoy the accommodations.' This I did."

And the Waldorf-Astoria visits at Goldfine's expense? Adams and his wife once "were invited to stop at a meeting of Mr. Goldfine's business associates," stopped overnight again when "I happened to find myself in New York" on a trip between Washington and New Hampshire.

Have a Rug. As he spoke, Adams' cheery color, recently heightened by a brief New England fishing trip, slowly paled. His voice clipped on, "Early in the year 1954, Mr. Goldfine came to visit us, and he said to me, 'You ought to have a rug on that floor which is less shabby than the one that you have, and I would like to send you one. I'd like to get you one.' I said to him, 'I have no use for a rug of this size.' It is a rather large room. He said, 'All right, any time that you move from these premises or go back to New Hampshire, I will reclaim it.'"

"Now, Mr. Chairman, in respect to a coat . . . Mr. Goldfine has always been proud of his [vicuña] product. He makes a good product . . . The coat at his mill was in the vicinity of \$69. The garment he made up at a local tailor. Now, Mr. Chairman, that was not an unusual activity . . . You are concerned, and I think correctly so, as to how such a friendship could affect the conduct of myself, an official, Assistant to the President, in his relations with men within the Government."

The Answer Is No. Sherman Adams' voice changed again. A sharper emphasis flattened the odd musical, soothing quality, and his chin edged forward a fraction. "Did Bernard Goldfine benefit in any way in his relations with any branch of the Federal Government because he was a

friend of Sherman Adams? Did Sherman Adams seek to secure any favor or benefits for Bernard Goldfine because of his friendship? The answer to both questions is no . . . I have never permitted any personal relationship to affect in any way any actions of mine in matters relating to the conduct of my office. If . . . I have in any way so conducted myself as to cast any semblance of doubt upon such conduct, I can only say that the error was one of judgment and certainly not of intent."

Nevertheless, it was Adams' intent that most interested the subcommittee. Subcommittee Counsel Robert Lishman reminded Adams that he had, in 1953, telephoned Federal Trade Commission Chairman Edward Howrey to find out why one of Goldfine's woolen mills had been cited by FTC for mislabeling fabrics. Back from Chairman Howrey to Adams went a personal memorandum that identified the source of the complaint to FTC, and added: If Goldfine's company would "give adequate assurances that all their labeling will be corrected, the case can be closed . . ." Adams had passed this inside information along to Goldfine.

Was Adams aware that disclosing this confidential information was a violation of FTC rules? Replied Adams crisply: "I was not."

A Good Question. In 1956 Adams got White House Counsel Morgan to ask why Goldfine's real estate company, the East Boston Co., was under investigation by the Securities & Exchange Commission. The reply from SEC: for noncompliance with SEC regulations on publishing financial reports. Had Adams passed this along to Goldfine? asked Counsel Lishman. Adams' answer: not to his recollection.

Had he discussed the case with Goldfine's good friends, Maine's Senator Frederick Payne and New Hampshire's Norris Cotton? "I think there was some discussion about that at one time, but so far as I am concerned, it was a casual discussion."

Did Adams know that an SEC man had brought the East Boston file down to the White House for examination? "I do not. I have no knowledge of such occasion."

As committee members took over the questioning, Sherman Adams fielded answers with a tired restraint, and, at times, a bland *non sequitur*.

Did he realize that a member of a regulatory body might attach a great deal more significance to a call from Adams than from, say, a Congressman? Adams: "That poses a very appropriate question."

Did he receive more than one rug? Adams: "I think there were a couple of small mats."

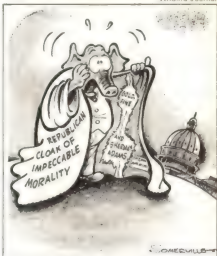
Furniture? Adams: "I did not."

Had he ever used Goldfine's airline credit cards? Adams: "No."

Who else at the White House got a vicuña coat? Adams: "Well, now, let's get the thing on the record. My superior officer at the White House never received a coat from this gentleman." (But Press Secretary Jim Hagerty stated that Ike did receive some vicuña cloth from Goldfine in 1956, gave it to a friend.)

It was Chairman Harris who put an-

Atlanta Journal



"FIRST I EVER KNEW IT HAD A SEAMY SIDE!"

Greensboro Daily News



MAN AND SUPERMAN

Albany Times Union



"A GIFT FROM SHERM"



"ONE OF OUR ANGELS IS MISSING"

other dimension on Adams' calls to the regulatory agencies by getting Adams to admit that he had quite a bit to do with the selection of appointees; he had, for one thing, recommended Ed Howey for the F.T.C. Adams clasped his hands, unclipped them, gripped them again as they trembled. He pressed his chin into his fists, dueling on.

"In view of these incidents," asked Harris, "do you think . . . that you overstepped the bounds of propriety?" Replied Adams, conceding a point: "That is a fair question."

Two years ago, Adams continued, he called his staff together to discuss "this point," and it was decided that "it was desirable for the staff of the President of the United States to refrain from doing anything which might possibly lead to any question such as you have posed. I have no excuses to offer. I did not come up here to make apology to you or this committee. If there were any errors, as I have already stated, they were errors, perhaps of inexperience . . . I will say this, that if I had the decisions now before me to make, I believe I would have acted a little more prudently."

His face drained of color, Sherman Adams strode from the committee room, when he was excused, with poise and bearing becoming to his office. That afternoon President Eisenhower studied wire-service reports of Adams' testimony, discussed it with Press Secretary Hagerty. Then he conferred with Sherman Adams. They decided that Adams' public appearance had done much to lift the pressure, that the storm would subside. Ike authorized Jim Hagerty to announce meaningfully that "the Governor . . . is back at his desk at work at White House business," *i.e.*, Adams was staying.

Timber Line. Vermont-born Llewellyn Sherman Adams grew up in the stern standards of rural New England, and he is stubborn, frugal and contradictory as only a rural Yankee can be. His parents were divorced after they moved to Providence, when Sherman was a boy, and he lived mostly with his mother, but he spent his summers in Vermont under the tutelage of his grandfather. He scratched through four years at Dartmouth, studying economics, singing (basso) in the glee club, hiking the hills and mountains of the north country. For 18 years Adams worked for a lumber company in Lincoln, N.H. In the logging camps and offices, Sherman Adams was known as a rugged woodsman and boss who worked ceaselessly and kept his mouth shut. To Rachel White, the lively, attractive girl he married in 1923, Sherman was known fondly as "the Great Stone Face."

In 1940 the officials at Parker-Young Co., where Adams worked, decided that he ought to run for the state legislature. Republican Adams ran, served two terms, then got himself elected to Congress. Committed to politics, he returned to New Hampshire after his single term in Washington and struck out for the Governor's job. He lost by 157 votes in 1946, came back to win in 1948 and again in

1950. The following year, Governor Adams swung behind Dwight Eisenhower, although the two had never met, and turned a strong Taft tide in New Hampshire to help Ike win the presidential primary in 1952. Adams' knowing way with politics and his efficiency as Ike's floor manager at the Chicago convention brought him close to the man who was going to be his boss. Ike liked his snappy, almost wordless directorial abilities, made Adams his campaign manager. The chief of staff for the campaign became chief of staff at the White House.

Dangling Line. Sherman Adams set the new tone and pace of the White House and flavored it with his own brand of Yankee circumspection ("Sound as a dollar," as his 82-year-old father says, "Square as a brick"). Hard at work by 7:30 every morning, Adams takes due



RACHEL ADAMS AT HEARING
Weoriness showed through.

note of any of his staff who might come in a few minutes late ("Miss So-and-So," he snapped to a girl who was attending a presidential staff meeting, "you were late three mornings this week!"). Papers shoot into his office and out as fast as his bedeviled secretaries can scoot. "Nobody," says a staffer, "can polish a desk clean as he can."

His phone conversations are usually void of such time-wasting nonsense as "hello" and "goodbye," and he often hangs up when he has said his piece, leaving the fellow on the other end of the line dangling in mid-sentence. He can stare daggers at a visitor, or just as easily ignore him with supreme aplomb.

Postage Paid. Adams' White House financial habits are rigid, almost niggling. He pays for personal postage stamps that he uses at the office, insists on being billed for his personal phone calls. Until recently he still used stationery marked

"Sherman Adams, Governor of New Hampshire" (with an "ex" penned in next to the title).

At his desk, Sherman Adams is all business. His chief job is screening the endless flow of business that swamps the President's office and presenting Ike with the kind of direct information—such as a trimmed-down list of names for federal job appointments—on which the President can base a decision. "Whatever I have to do," explained the President at his press conference, "he has in some measure to do." Adams must also settle disputes among top-level officials. "The Governor," says a White House staffer, "is the only man around here with stature enough to say no and make it stick. Every time I say no to a Senator, he says the hell with it and goes to Adams. When Adams says no, it does not get appealed."

Prudence & Togetherness. At the very least, Adams' job requires political sagacity, and he has plenty of it. In his testimony to the House subcommittee, he referred to a 1956 White House staff meeting that he described as a get-together aimed at tightening general rules of personal conduct. It was far more than that. The meeting took place in the summer of 1956—the presidential election year—and Adams warned his senior staffers that some evidently improper requests had come to the White House from congressional sources. "We are all fair game," he announced. Adams feared that the Democrats might try to trap the White House by planting a scandal during the campaign. The watchword was handed out: prudence.

How, then, could Prudent Sherman Adams get himself under obligation to Bernard Goldfine? It was, as a close friend put it, "probably a matter of drifting." Adams was a member of the New Hampshire legislature when he and Goldfine first met; Lithuanian-born Bernard Goldfine was a personable and fast-rising businessman. Adams was fast-rising too, not in bank accounts but in status. To Goldfine, money alone did not bring status, but he spent freely, gave openly. Adams was flattered by the attention; his bedrock New England heart was moved by the warmth and yearnings of an "immigrant" who wanted friendship. The Adamses and the Goldfines drew together. When Goldfine's son Solomon drifted from his studies at Dartmouth, it was Dutch Uncle Sherman who sternly tugged him back to berth; at Solomon's wedding in Chicago, the Adamses were honored guests.

Through the years, as Bernard Goldfine gave, Adams received. Without seeming to recognize the implications of his relationship, Adams took advantage of Goldfine's offer of a rug, a few mats, a coat, some cloth that he had made into a suit. The hotel rooms were a great convenience, and so were the dining facilities at the hotels. These gifts were hard to refuse, partly because of friendship, partly because, as a careful man with his own dollar, Adams could not bring himself to refuse the lavish insistence of a big spender. And when Bernie Goldfine asked Adams to look into

his troubles with federal agencies, Adams, a man of status, cheerfully obliged.

"Will They Talk to Me?" In the White House last week, the man in the eye of the storm sat weary and dispirited at his desk. The grudging spark of humor and the sudden flashes of gaiety that he sometimes permits himself were gone. Tom Stephens, the President's appointment secretary, who helped Adams win the Ike primary in New Hampshire, stepped into Adams' office. "You know how you like to kid me about helping you in New Hampshire?" said Stephens. "Well, I want to help you now, and in a few months I think you'll be able to kid about this, too." Adams looked up wordlessly as a smile brushed his face. Even his closest friends could not tell whether it was anger or chagrin or guilt—as well as a sense of having failed the Administration—that whipped his mind. "He is not the kind of guy that can sit down and bat it around," said a staffer. "Even with his close friends, he can't be personal."

One strong feeling did send lightning charges of worry through Adams. Aware that he must deal daily with Congress on his job, Adams asked a colleague: "Will Republican Congressmen want to talk to me? Can I work with them?" It was obvious that he expected no answer.

The Lockout. For his part, the President, convinced that nothing had changed in his chief of staff, was prepared to ride out the storm. But it is likely that both he and Adams have underestimated the storm's force, for across the U.S. a hurricane of criticism swept from the public, the newspapers, cartoonists, jokers and GOPoliticians. The Democrats, lashed for Truman-era corruption⁶ in the 1952 campaign, were confident that no Republican would dare use the corruption issue again.

An astonishing number of congressional Republicans were openly delighted to see Adams squirm. Some had been offended when he left them dangling at the other end of a dead telephone. Some resented the fact that he had pursued the President's dictum that the White House should work with Congress through the leadership; they felt that as a result, Adams had locked them out of the White House. Then there were the old-line Taft-men. "That sonofabitch," said one bit-

terly. "He was one of those who went down to Texas and planted that flag—'Thou Shalt Not Steal'—on Taft in the delegate vote fight in 1952. Now that he's got the same thing coming his way, nobody's going to defend him. He's got it coming to him."

Even more surprising was the number of rank-and-file party workers—already in real trouble fighting the Democratic tide, already aware that Ike is of little value in local elections—who are appalled at the thought of the Administration's being a deadweight. Only four G.O.P. Senators, Vermont's George Aiken and Ralph Flanders, New York's Jacob Javits, Kansas' Frank Carlson, supported the President's stand on Adams—and they are not candidates in 1958.

The Cauldron. The party's big names publicly stood firm against Adams. Bill Knowland, facing heavy Democratic odds

last week in Washington and warned: "The trouble with Republicans is that when they get into trouble they start acting like a bunch of cannibals." Still, the chairmen themselves were inclined to let Adams stew in the cauldron. Of the 42 attending the meeting, 13 thought that Adams ought to quit; twelve shakily supported Ike ("The coach has left him in, I'm a team player"); the remaining 17 were noncommittal.

Drenched. The total mood seemed best reflected by Oregon's Republican secretary of state Mark Hatfield, a candidate for Governor in a onetime Republican stronghold that the Democrats have thoroughly taken over. Hatfield wrote a stinging letter to the President, afterward announced the theme of his complaint, "I would not continue in office as assistant or member of an administration a person whose imprudence creates doubt as to the



G.O.P. CHAIRMAN ALCORN (LEFT) & ADAMS AT REPUBLICAN MEETING
Cannibals sniffed the stew.

in his California gubernatorial campaign, said that the President and Adams "should carefully weigh as to whether Adams has so hurt his usefulness that it might be harmful." New Jersey's Robert Kean, Arizona's Barry Goldwater and Michigan's Charles Potter pounded the same drum: dump Sherman. Utah's venerable (72) Senator Arthur Watkins was the strongest voice of all. "In the light of the record as measured by the high standards of ethics set by both the President and Mr. Adams," said he, "there seems to be no other possible conclusion than that Mr. Adams' usefulness is seriously impaired if not completely destroyed."

In a valiant try to crush the panic, Vice President Richard Nixon (who is indebted to Adams for having helped prevent the strong dump-Nixon move during the famed 1952 expense-account troubles that wound up in the Checkers speech) got up at a meeting of state Republican chairmen

impartiality of his responsibilities, I am not concerned about political expediency. What I am interested in is the question of ethics involved. I have urged the President to make his decision on that basis alone."

Thus the storm lashed on. It tore through the editorial pages of newspapers all over the country, and it drenched not merely Sherman Adams for his imprudence—or notorious breach of good conduct—but President Eisenhower for his failure to stick to his own oft-proclaimed deep sense of public ethics. The editors, pundits and politicians knew much to admire about Sherman Adams—his efficiency, his devotion to the President, his importance to the working of the Government. But they could see and hear clearly that, to accommodate Sherman Adams and Bernard Goldfine, the Eisenhower Administration had compromised a basic standard.

⁶ Yet the record of Truman Administration corruption, after six years, still hangs over the Democratic Party. Apart from instances of penny-wise skulduggery that resulted in resignations, a flock of damning charges turned into at least eight court convictions, Reconstruction Finance Corp., Loan Examiner E. Muel Younger were convicted of perjury. Nailed, too, were Massachusetts Tax Collector Denis Delany (bribery), Missouri Collector James Fineman (who collected legal retainers from firms doing business with the Government), former Commissioner of Internal Revenue Joseph Nunan Jr. (income tax evasion), California Deputy Collector Ernest M. Schino and Nevada's BIR Chief Field Deputy Patrick Monney (conspiracy to defraud the Government). Two later catches, White House Appointments Secretary Matthew Connolly and Assistant Attorney General (in charge of tax prosecution) Theron Lamar Caudle, were convicted of tax fraud conspiracy, last week won an appeal for a hearing on their demand for a retrial.

INVESTIGATIONS

How to Find Gold

Goldfine Bernard 35Kneeld Hancock 6-5632
 Res 72Beacon ASpnwl 7-6280
 Mobile Service ask Long Distance for
 Mobile Operator and then ask for BUJL 4-2638
 SumRes 6-1ManomtAv HUII 5-1221

In Boston's U.S. District Court last week Judge Charles E. Wyzanski Jr. heard the latest installment in two years of testimony that gives clues as to how Sherman Adams' friend Bernard Goldfine managed to live, despite income tax laws, as high as his current listing in Boston's telephone directory suggests. The suit was brought by George B. Heddendorf, 55, economist for the Babson Institute, who

¶ He knew and approved of matching loans, usually made the same day, to Company President William J. McDonald, whose death in 1948 left Goldfine in sole control of the company; also left all of McDonald's company borrowings forever uncollectable because of a statute of limitations.

¶ Though most of the loans were interest-free, Goldfine agreed in some cases to pay interest; in 1949 company records officially excused him from every cent of \$67,853 unpaid interest.

¶ Even while he built up his dominant stock interest, he never took up the legal responsibilities of a company officer; he simply operated through his private secretary, Miss Mildred Paperman, who held

out several items totaling \$1,868.16 to the Stuart Liquor Co.

Sharing the Wealth. Goldfine's quick hand with cash became so famous last week that House investigators pricked up their ears when they heard that his mills had sold the U.S. Army \$2,255,000 worth of cloth in the last five years for uniform shirts and pants. (Also: \$42,631 for green pool-table cloth, presumably used to cover Navy mess tables.) At the same time the investigators were asking Goldfine to bring to the committee, when he appears next week, some \$770,000 in uncashed cashier's checks that they learned about from study of his records.

Even Judge Wyzanski barely jumped away from the splash of Goldfine's friendly money. Last November, when he patiently sorted out the complex Boston Port operations, Wyzanski spent an evening with his wife at one of her fund-raising benefits, this one for the America-Israel Cultural Foundation. Who should turn up—and make a \$1,000 contribution "in honor of Mrs. Wyzanski"—but Bernard and Charlotte Goldfine, whom the Wyzanskis had never met socially. With an air of innocent enthusiasm, Mrs. Goldfine hustled over to say that her husband had made the gift "because he admires your wife." Outraged, Wyzanski considered disqualifying himself in the Boston Port case, discussed the incident with other judges, then rapped out an unusual personal comment from the bench: "I am not clear whether Mr. Goldfine appreciated the full significance of what he was doing."

But Wyzanski did appreciate the significance of Goldfine's gift-bearing, though he was tolerant enough last week of Sherman Adams' failure to understand. "I was luckier than Sherman Adams," he said, "because I had it read into the record."



BUSINESSMAN GOLDFINE (RIGHT) & BOSTON LAWYER SAMUEL SEARS
 When money splashed, the judge jumped aside.

in 1949 invested about \$5,000 savings in the stocks of the Goldfine-controlled East Boston Co. and its subsidiary, Boston Port Development Corp.

Heddendorf knew that the net value of the company's real estate was far more than the market value of the outstanding stock, but he was surprised to get neither dividends nor the legally required financial reports. Meanwhile, the Boston Stock Exchange needed the Securities and Exchange Commission into getting a 1954 court injunction forcing a public report. This reluctantly released information was enough to send Heddendorf straight to court with the charge that Boston Port's majority (80%) stockholder, one Bernard Goldfine, had teamed up with friends to milk the company and other shareholders. Last week Goldfine agreed to put back into the company some \$400,000, about \$130,000 more than he personally owed.

Items from the Goldfine school of management, as revealed in the court record:

¶ Between 1945 and 1948, Goldfine arranged to borrow \$79,750 from the company in 21 unsecured loans, never repaid a cent of principal or interest.

key posts as treasurer and director of Boston Port.

¶ No man to keep more records than he had to: he ordered faithful Miss Paperman to run the company for a couple of years on a cash basis; as soon as each month's rental checks came in she cashed them at Boston's Pilgrim Trust Co., paid bills in folding money rather than checks.

¶ After selling a piece of Boston Port land to the state of Massachusetts for \$700,000, instead of the \$400,000 that the state originally offered, Goldfine pocketed \$30,000 in commission for himself—in the form of a loan from Boston Port.

¶ When real estate circles thought Boston Port had bought the lucrative downtown Little Building, what actually happened was that Goldfine got personal title to the property through a loan from the company, secured only by a third mortgage. He handed the second mortgage to Mrs. Goldfine, who thus would have had prior claim in case the deal went sour.

¶ Goldfine's real estate company, a local operation that did not peddle its wares very far from home, spent \$25,475.73 on tax-deductible "traveling" expenses, put

THE CONGRESS Breach in the Line

Gathering forces for a surprise attack on the Administration's stand-pat tax bill last week, Florida's handsome Senator George Smathers found plenty of allies from the South and West. A top Capitol Hill specialist in transportation affairs, Smathers wanted to kill off the \$700 million-a-year federal transportation taxes —3% on freight, 10% on passenger tickets, 4% on pipelined oil, 4% a ton on coal shipments. And the South and West had long been grumbling that the freight tax discriminates unfairly against states far removed from the big-city markets and industrial centers.

With bipartisan support behind him, Smathers last week breached the Administration's previously untouchable no-tax-cut line. By sturdy majorities, the Senate nailed the Smathers amendments to the House-passed Administration bill to extend for another year, at present rates, the corporation and excise taxes scheduled to shrink on July 1. But that was all the tax trimming the Senate did. It voted down a flurry of tax-cut proposals, passed



FLORIDA'S SMATHERS (RIGHT) ^{U.P.I.}
Potluck for the South and West.

the Smathers-nicked Administration bill with nary an audible nay. Ahead this week: a House-Senate conference to decide whether the House, which approved a hold-the-line bill with no exceptions, will stand still for the Smathers amendments.

New Labor Charter

In other congressional action last week: **Q** The Senate passed 88 to 1 (Nevada's George Malone) the Kennedy-Ives labor bill (*TIME*, June 23), after voting to require employers as well as union officers to swear that they are not Communists to qualify for National Labor Relations Board services. The Senate earlier rejected a Kennedy-Ives proposal to strike the requirement from the law as "ineffective." Aiming at correcting labor abuses by requiring 1) periodic secret-ballot union elections, 2) regular union reporting to the U.S. Labor Department on financial and other dealings, the bill now goes to the House, where its fate, in an election year, is doubtful.

Q The House passed, 345 to 12, and sent to the Senate the long-awaited Administration bill to soften the McMahon Act's atomic secrecy provisions. Under the bill the Administration would have discretion to tell any NATO ally the latest facts of the size and destructiveness of nuclear weapons, could also pass along, subject to congressional veto, nonnuclear components of atomic weapons for arming by the U.S. in the event of war. Any ally that had made "substantial progress" in its own atomic weapons program (*i.e.*, Britain), subject to the same veto, could receive actual weapons designs, nuclear materials.

Q The Senate, illustrating the swiftness

with which hot political issues sizzle up and then subside in Washington, passed a bill creating a new space agency by voice vote with only a third of its members present. Under its terms, space research and space projects programing would be planned by a seven-man board consisting of a new space director, the Secretaries of State and Defense, the chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission and representatives of three other agencies interested in astronautics (not more than one of them in the Defense Department). The measure now goes to conference to iron out differences with a House bill passed early this month, which would create a single space boss, taking advice from a looser 17-man committee but not bound to follow it.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Fair Under Fire

At the weekly White House conference with G.O.P. Senate leaders one morning last week, Senate G.O.P. Policy Committee Chairman Styles Bridges asked permission to read a letter from an irate citizen. The letter, delivered with oratorical flourishes, was a scathing indictment of the U.S. exhibit at the Brussels Fair as a notable U.S. propaganda failure in the cold war. Leaving the White House, Bridges told reporters that the President was "very irritated" at what he had heard. And next day, on the President's urgent order, purse-lipped George V. Allen, head of the U.S. Information Agency and as such, keeper of the world's mental image of the U.S., hopped a plane for Brussels for an official inspection of the major U.S. exhibit.

Down with Abstractions. Cause of the excitement, it turned out later, was Chicago-born Hayes Robertson, 53, one-time Census Bureau clerk and now a lawyer in Chicago Heights, Ill., where he also is board chairman of the Brummer

Seal Co. (engine gaskets). In May, he and Mrs. Robertson took in the fair as the high spot of a European tour. "Everybody I talked to was interested in seeing the two largest exhibits, the Russian and ours," said Robertson. "But as I walked through the American exhibit, I didn't see America anywhere." What Robertson saw and did not like broke down as:

Q Too much modern art. An admitted fan of Norman Rockwell's *Satevepost* covers, Robertson did a slow burn at acres of abstract art and blowtorch sculpture which looked, he said, as if it had been put together by a "bunch of neurotics." "When I walked out, my mind was a complete blank."

Q A collection of U.S. memorabilia intended to tell a social history of the U.S., ranging from a cigar-store wooden Indian to an early-model Ford, a chipped plaster statue of Washington and a glass showcase of latter-day examples of Western tumbleweeds. Some of the signs, said Robertson, were embarrassingly inept. Example: an 18th century New England Windsor chair-cum-writing-arm artily labeled in three languages as the model of chairs used in "virtually all" U.S. schools today. "A group I saw," said Robertson, "read the card and burst into laughter."

Q Claims about the American standard of living "so unreal as to cause an observer to dismiss the entire exhibit as false propaganda." For example: a television program showing "a woman coming from the supermarket with a bag of groceries, getting into her private plane and returning by air to her suburban home."

Utterly absent from the exhibit, said Robertson, was any suggestion of "our industrial achievements," any real feeling for how Americans live, any hint of "how we tax ourselves to help the other people of the world."

Wanted: A Point. Last week, as George Allen loped around the Brussels Fair's 470 foot-wearying acres, comparing the



Israel Shenker

U.S. WINDSOR CHAIR EXHIBIT AT BRUSSELS FAIR
"I didn't see America anywhere."

^Q Serving bean soup from Tampa to Maine's Republican Senator Frederick Payne in the Senate Restaurant.

U.S. exhibit to those of other nations. European visitors seemed far more approving of the U.S. exhibit than Americans. (One unplanned highlight: the U.S. exhibit offered large numbers of comfortable free chairs for weary visitors.) Americans were in unanimous agreement that the U.S. Pavilion building, designed by Architect Edward Stone (TIME, Mar. 13), was a delight—even Letter Writer Robertson praised it.

But many Americans agreed with Robertson that the U.S. exhibit was a hodgepodge devoid of any recognizable theme. The British exhibit, for example, contrasted the symbols of Britain's imperial past with her present progress in science and technology; the Dutch exhibit showed how a thrifty nation wrested land from the sea to become a prosperous agricultural and seafaring power; the Israel exhibit showed how a hardy breed of men created a nation in the desert after centuries of persecution; and even the boastful Russians blended exhibits of Sputnik, industrial machinery and imitative consumer goods to overplay the Soviets as a great industrial power.

Said one American observer, noting that many foreign visitors are first bewildered, then bored by the U.S. exhibit: "Admittedly, developing a coherent theme out of the complex U.S. life is a tougher job than any of these. But it seemed to me the U.S. Pavilion has failed even to make an intelligent try."

Message from Garcia

"I come here on behalf of the Philippine people, your best friends in Asia, who live in the faith that the heart of this great American nation has for them a soft spot." The speaker before a joint session of Congress was the Philippines' cheerful, articulate President Carlos Garcia, and as he moved through Washington last week on an official state visit, he soon found that U.S. officials indeed had for him a soft spot.

In talks with President Eisenhower, Vice President Nixon, Secretary of State Dulles and their staffs, President Garcia sought \$400 million in U.S. loans to be spread over the next three years to ease the Philippines' chronic trade deficit. "It was taken with a great deal of sympathy by the President," said Carlos Garcia, and at talks he got loans of up to \$125 million, with an understanding that more might be available next year and the year after that if the \$125 million is wisely spent.

He also got sympathetic consideration of the Philippines' longtime request for a status-of-forces agreement to grant Philippine courts jurisdiction over off-base offenses committed by Philippines-based U.S. servicemen in the style of the U.S.'s status-of-forces agreements with Japan and other allied countries. And he also got a flat and unequivocal guarantee from President Eisenhower that "any armed attack against the Philippines would involve an attack against United States Forces stationed there and against the United States and would be instantly

repelled." Summed up the Philippines' Ambassador to Washington Carlos Romulo: "Mission accomplished."

But Carlos Garcia found his softest spot among the hardest hearts of all Washington, i.e., Washington's press corps, when in the week of Sherman Adams' troubles, he offered a timely ad-lib reply to a question at a National Press Club luncheon about why bribetaking and influence peddling were so widespread back home (TIME, April 21). Said Carlos Garcia deadpan: "That [corruption] exists in the Philippines I shall not deny. I do not



Robert Phillips—Black Star
PHILIPPINES' PRESIDENT GARCIA
Offering some philosophy.

believe there is any head of government anywhere in the world—this country not excepted—who can stand before you and affirm truthfully that his country is immune to this social cancer."

Hardening Line

The U.S. Government moved slowly in the presence of serious events last week toward a sterner position in the cold war.

President Eisenhower led the U.S. protest against the Kremlin's execution of Hungarian Revolutionaries Imre Nagy, Pal Maleter and two comrades (see FOREIGN NEWS) with his strongest anti-Communist statement since Budapest. "I cannot think of any incident that could have, and has, more shocked the civilized world," said he at his press conference. "It is clear evidence that the intent of the Soviets is to pursue their own policies of terror and intimidation to bring about complete subservience to their will. I think there is no incident that should have more alerted the free world to the lack of confidence that we are compelled to feel in the words and actions of these Communist imperialists."

The President added that he was all for U.S. economic aid to U.S.S.R. satellites in order to set up "centrifugal as opposed to centripetal forces" and to

"awaken new interest in these countries to pull away from Moscow." Both House and Senate unanimously condemned Soviet "barbarism and perfidy" in the Hungarian executions and called on free parliaments everywhere to join in denouncing them.

Secretary of State John Foster Dulles took just as strong a position against a thinly veiled attempt of Egypt's Dictator Nasser to overturn the pro-U.S. government of Lebanon, a threat backstopped by a call from Moscow Radio last week for "volunteers." Dulles handed Nasser and the Communists a thinly veiled warning that the U.S. was ready to help the U.N. or act on its own to help the Lebanese government maintain the country's "integrity and independence." Said Dulles: 1) the U.S. Sixth Fleet is "watching the situation"; 2) some elements of the fleet "could, if need be, respond to appropriate invitation."

Not that the basic nature of the cold war had changed; it had not. What had been changed by executions inside darkest Communism and the rattle of the riots in Beirut was the terms of the worldwide debate that had sometimes tended to obscure that basic nature. For months U.S. policy had been influenced by the imponderable pressures of "world opinion" toward negotiated agreements with world Communism in general and toward a suspension of U.S. nuclear tests in particular, and in longings for a parley at the summit. Now that pressure was indefinitely postponed—as usual, at the cost of the lives of brave men. Said Secretary of State Dulles: "I still think it will be a little time before there is a summit conference, if indeed there is one at all."

THE SUPREME COURT

The Right to Passports

In a 5-4 decision, the Supreme Court ruled last week that the Secretary of State has no authority to deny passports to U.S. citizens on the ground of "beliefs" or "associations." The court thus overturned the findings of lower courts that Secretary Dulles was justified in denying passports to New York artist Rockwell Kent and Los Angeles Psychiatrist Walter Bricht in 1955, when they refused to sign non-Communist affidavits. Net of the majority opinion, written by Justice William O. Douglas, with Chief Justice Earl Warren, Justices Felix Frankfurter, Hugo Black, William Brennan concurring; passport legislation, jelling into the Passport Acts of 1926 and 1952, authorized the Secretary to deny passports in peacetime only to 1) noncitizens, 2) citizens engaged in illegal activity.

The sharp dissent, written by Justice Tom Clark, concurred in by Justices Harold Burton, John Marshall Harlan, Charles E. Whitaker; 3) the Secretary of State is authorized by precedents reaching back to 1856 to preside over passports, period—and never more so than in times of national emergency, and that 2) President Truman's declaration of national emer-

gency, proclaimed in 1950, is still in specific effect, thereby giving the Secretary of State wider discretion over passports.

By basing their arguments on specific statutes rather than on the Constitution, both sides of the Supreme Court hewed to the tradition that cases ought to be disposed of wherever possible on nonconstitutional grounds. But the 5-4 ruling kicked up a new debate on the broader issues of "right to travel" as balanced alongside "responsibilities of travel." In his opinion, Justice Douglas, anticipating a surge of keep-Communists-at-home bills in Congress, went out of his way to hint that such legislation might well be unconstitutional. Warned he: "We deal here with a constitutional right of the citizen, a right which we must assume Congress will be faithful to respect." Nonetheless, a couple of bills designed to strengthen the State Department's hand in denying passports to subversives were introduced in the House and Senate.

Said New York Republican Kenneth Keating in the House: "Any legislation must provide for due process, guarantee a full and fair hearing for those who may be denied passports . . . but also seek to achieve a realistic balance between the demands of national security and the individual liberties of our citizens—a balance the court in recent years has often ignored."

CRIME

The Rate

Suddenly whisked into a TV quiz show and asked to name the most crime-ridden big city in the U.S., almost any movie-going U.S. citizen might say Chicago—except that cautious heads, thinking this answer too obvious, might take a chance on New York City.

Either answer would be wildly wrong, according to the FBI's latest Uniform Crime Reports. In the FBI list of felony rates in U.S. cities, Chicago ranks as the second most law-abiding of all, next to Buffalo, and the rate in New York City is lower than in Boston. Larger cities in the list, with rates per 1,000 of population for murder, non-negligent manslaughter, aggravated assault, robbery, burglary, larceny, auto theft:

Los Angeles	51.0
Atlanta	44.7
St. Louis	43.8
Denver	39.3
Seattle	39.3
Newark	37.4
Houston	35.3
Dallas	35.2
San Francisco	34.8
New Orleans	29.2
Detroit	28.0
Indianapolis	26.5
Cleveland	23.0
Minneapolis	21.2
Boston	21.0
Pittsburgh	20.0
New York City	17.7
Philadelphia	16.9
Cincinnati	16.0
Kansas City	13.3
Chicago	12.9
Buffalo	8.5

THE LAW

Reversal in Little Rock

Delivered in the mail at the district clerk's office in Little Rock, Ark., one day last week was a 35-page legal ruling that reopened the running sore of the Little Rock desegregation crisis. U.S. District Judge Harry J. Lemley, sitting temporarily in Arkansas' Eastern District, granted a petition by the Little Rock school board to suspend racial integration at Central High School until January, 1961. Reason: while the Negro students "in the Little



ARKANSAS' JUDGE LEMLEY
Reopening a sore.

Rock district have a constitutional right not to be excluded from any of the public schools on account of race," desegregation has simply "broken down under the pressure of popular opposition," and the community needs a breathing spell.

Judge Lemley, Virginia-born grandson of a Confederate soldier, 74-year-old veteran of law practice in Arkansas, in effect reversed the integration orders of his North Dakota-based predecessor, Judge Ronald Davies—the orders that President Eisenhower had moved federal troops into Little Rock to enforce.

Spokesmen in both the South and North reacted predictably. Illinois' Democratic Senator Paul Douglas declared that Judge Lemley seemed to have "yielded to the threat of mob violence. I have never understood that mob violence took precedence over the law of the U.S." Said Arkansas' Democratic Governor Orval Faubus, who was now helped mightily by Judge Lemley's ruling in a primary campaign for an unprecedented third term (TIME, June 23): "Most gratified . . . The Negro citizens in the community would do well to accept this ruling." Little Rock's School Superintendent Virgil Blossom summed up the sentiments of Little Rock's moderates: "I am very pleased."

In Washington the Justice Department

waited watchfully, hopeful that the reopened sore could be healed again by legal means. Preparing for the next move, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People filed an appeal to the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Eighth Circuit in St. Louis. Meanwhile, the N.A.A.C.P. asked Judge Lemley for a stay of execution to allow the remaining seven of the original nine Negro students at Central High (one girl was expelled last February, studied in New York City; one boy graduated last fortnight, is entering Michigan State University) to stay on at Central High next September and thereafter until the final word from the U.S. law is in.

Man with a Message

In the seven weeks since he launched the U.S.'s first Law Day (TIME, May 5), American Bar Association President Charles Sylvanus Rhyme, 46, has traveled from Washington to Alaska to Minneapolis, L.I., to St. Louis trying to arouse his fellow lawyers to do their part in a crusade to achieve world peace through world rule of law. Last week's way station: the annual meeting of the Erie County Bar Association in Buffalo. Last week's Rhyme proposal: that the International Court of Justice, now all but "unused" at The Hague, move some of its sessions to U.N. headquarters in New York to rule on disputes between law-abiding powers.

"Most of the world," said Lawyer Rhyme, "doesn't know the International Court exists. It has 15 judges who sit at The Hague waiting for work. It has decided only an average of slightly more than one case per year since its creation in 1945. The entire court, or even a chamber, should sit rather constantly at U.N. headquarters. The law then would move more to the forefront in the deliberations of the U.N." He added: "Let the free nations of the world agree on a plan to snuff out war among themselves before the next step of tackling Russia. Let us offer this plan for settlement of disputes under law in the courts as the free world's plan for world peace."

Then Rhyme fitted the week's specific idea into his week-by-week world theme.

"World government," he summed up, "is not a part of the picture I paint. Such a government has inherent defects similar to those of disarmament agreements. This idea of peace under law can grow out of the enlarged use of law by the world community and does not require any 'super' or other world legislative body."

"Our plan can capture the minds of the uncommitted peoples of the world and leave Russia naked of friends. Even Russia does not envision such nakedness as desirable—that is the reason for her constant propaganda efforts."

"To launch this plan—unlike a disarmament agreement—we do not need Russia, nor do we trust her word. She can hurt only herself by her failure to cooperate. Here only actions would count, and all could evaluate those as we go along developing peace under law. An idea can be more powerful than any atom."

FOREIGN NEWS

COMMUNISTS

The Cost of Murder

In his campaign to convince the world that Russia is out to ease international tensions, Nikita Khrushchev has displayed the sure timing of an expert con man and the insinuating patter of a carnival Barker. Last week, in a single act of savagery, Khrushchev threw away the diplomatic fruits of all this patience and skill.

The executions of ex-Premier Imre Nagy, General Pal Maleter and two other lesser leaders of the Hungarian revolt were in wanton defiance of public pledges (see below) given by the puppet Communist government maintained by Russian tanks in Budapest. The official announcement of the executions by the Hungarian government was made in a manner calculated to achieve maximum international publicity. It conceded that neither Nagy nor Maleter had confessed guilt, deliberately failed to give the date of their execution (which probably occurred only a few hours before issuance of the communiqué). Asked when the trial had taken place, Chief Prosecutor Geza Szenasi displayed what presumably passes in Communist circles for a nice sense of humor. "Before the verdict," he grinned.

Back in Bloom. The response was an outburst of fury unparalleled since the Hungarian revolt itself. Italian Foreign Minister Giuseppe Pella withdrew his nation's Minister to Budapest, refused to consent to the appointment of a new Hungarian Minister to Rome. In Montevideo students hurled a gasoline bomb at the Soviet embassy, and Russian missions in New Zealand, Bonn, Istanbul and Copenhagen were all stoned. (As a countermeasure, the Russians permitted a carefully stage-managed crowd to break seven windows in the Danish embassy in Moscow.)

The most passionate outbursts, because they came from those who still wanted to believe in a U.S.S.R. change of heart, occurred among the neutralist powers and Europe's left-wing fringe. *Avanti!*, organ of Pietro Nenni's red-tinted Italian Socialist Party, proclaimed that the executions "bring us back in full bloom" to the era of Stalinism. Burma's Premier U Nu called them "a horrible act." The Indonesian Socialist daily *Pedoman* drew a local moral: "We cannot fool around with the idea of cooperation with the Reds." In India, where Nehru's equivocation blunted the impact of the revolt itself, there was almost unanimous condemnation of Moscow. Said one influential Indian in unwanted tribute to a man most Indians regard as a stumbling block to peace: "The Nagy execution obviously justifies the firm stand John Foster Dulles takes against Communism."

The Premeditated Slap. These expressions of horror were genuine; yet as a matter of political practice—particularly in the Communist world—leaders of unsuccessful revolutions could expect to end

up on the gallows or before the firing squad. Nagy and Maleter might have been quietly executed within a few weeks or months of their seizure, as hundreds of lesser known Hungarian rebels were. But the Russians waited for 18 months and then brutally proclaimed their deed, giving the executions the deliberate quality of a slap in the face to the non-Communist world and of a mighty fist thrust in the faces of the satellites.

Like most slaps in the face, this one promised to create difficulties for the slapper. It calculatedly opened the breach wider between Russia and Yugoslavia than it had been since the Cominform excommunication of Tito in 1948. It all but destroyed prospects for an early summit meeting. (Even De Gaulle, perhaps the most willing of all Western leaders to talk



Howard Sachse/Life

MIKHAIL SUSLOV

Swimming in the sea, or in trouble?

with Russia, declared that he now saw little chance of a summit meeting this year.) All these were consequences that calculating Nikita Khrushchev obviously foresaw when he passed the death sentence on Nagy and Maleter, and chose to proclaim it. He planned it that way.

The Cause of Murder

The four men who were hanged or shot in Budapest last week were not executed in punishment for their crimes, real or fancied. They were killed to alert the Communist world to a major Russian policy decision—a decision so important that Nikita Khrushchev felt obliged to summon four of his principal ambassadors (including ever-smiling Mikhail Menshikov, busy-bee Washington partygoer and TV performer) back to Moscow for conferences, and to call an extraordinary meeting of the 130-man Central Com-

mittee of the Communist Party of the U.S.S.R.

No one outside Russia could be sure just what political forces were at play in last week's Central Committee meeting; they could only judge by results. But there were many tipsters, ax grinders and self-appointed experts who have long professed to know.

In recent months informed sources in Belgrade and Warsaw have been proclaiming the existence of a "Stalinist" challenge to Khrushchev, allegedly headed by Theoretician Mikhail Suslov. Suslov, a grimly fellow adept at writing manifestoes, may indeed be swimming in trouble instead of in the Black Sea, where Khrushchev said he was. But the evidence that he is the kind of man, or has the party strength, to offer an effective power challenge to Khrushchev is thin indeed.

Warsaw went farthest with this thesis. Over a Warsaw dateline the New York Times recently headlined that the Suslov "faction" had challenged Khrushchev's authority in May, and that Red China's Mao Tse-tung had weighed in on Suslov's side. At the bottom of all these reports was the conviction—assiduously spread by Nehru and Tito—that Khrushchev was a "liberal" who should be encouraged because he was trying to fight more illiberal forces at home. It was a theory that Khrushchev obviously had no objection to encouraging. But it is a significant fact that by last week the authors of these ingenious explanations had either abandoned them or altered them out of all recognition.

Angered by persistent Peking attacks on his policy of "national Communism," Yugoslavia's Marshal Tito abandoned his former view of the Chinese Reds as a moderating influence on the Kremlin, last week implicitly accused Mao & Co. of being warmongers who boasted that "if 300 million [Chinese] were killed, 300 million would still remain." Gone, too, was Tito's old confidence in Khrushchev as the Kremlin's apostle of liberalism. The bitter new theory is that Khrushchev himself ordered the execution of Nagy and Maleter as a blow against Tito.

The Bubbling Pot. To confirm this thesis, Russia's Czechoslovak stooges all last week were ominously saying that Imre Nagy (rhymes with dodge) had spent the last days of the Hungarian revolt "plotting in the Yugoslav embassy" in Budapest. But the fact seemed to be that Tito, like Nagy and Maleter, was not the real focus of Russian wrath but merely the symbol of a problem that has bedeviled the Soviets ever since the death of Stalin.

Beginning with the East German revolt of June 17, 1953—and the Russians, who set great store by anniversaries, announced the Budapest executions on the fifth anniversary last week of that first satellite uprising—Russia's eastern European empire has been in a continual state of fer-

ment, sometimes bubbling below the surface, sometimes boiling over into open defiance. Convinced that Stalinist rigidity could not keep the lid on this pot forever, Stalin's successors tried to master the situation by easing up Moscow's pressure on the satellites. In one of history's most humiliating about-faces, Nikita Khrushchev weepingly repudiated Stalinism, paid court to Tito and gave gingerly acceptance to the doctrine of "many roads to socialism." In time, China's Mao Tse-tung followed the Russian lead, proclaimed the wildly un-Marxist doctrine, "Let all flowers bloom."

But liberalization did not achieve any of the objectives that Khrushchev had in mind. The carefully fostered image of a new, "reasonable" Russia weakened but did not fragment the Western alliance, nor did it win the Soviets any significant amount of new ground in the soft spots of Southeast Asia and the Middle East. It did not even persuade the cagey Tito to sign up again for full membership in "the camp of socialism."

Worse yet, liberalism proved to have a momentum its authors had not bargained for. To their dismay, the Soviets discovered that the gift of a little freedom simply whetted their subjects' appetite for more. One result: bloody revolution in Hungary. Another: the rise to power in Poland of "National Communist" Wladyslaw Gomulka, who accepted aid from the U.S., reached a *modus vivendi* with the Vatican, and ruled with the toleration of restive Poles, who did not wish another Budapest.

Even in Red China, where the tiny measure of freedom proffered was hastily snatched back, Mao's government has found itself obliged, according to British intelligence, to "displace" more heretical senior officials in the past six months than in the preceding 8½ years of Communist rule.

"Broken & Bitter." To pragmatic Nikita Khrushchev, what all this meant was that liberalization was a failure and that it was time to revert to a hard line with the satellites. He may have been pushed to this conclusion, but on the record of his career of reversing himself, he was capable of reaching it on his own. In true Communist fashion he chose to serve notice of his decision not in a proclamation but in action—the execution of Nagy, Maletier & Co. Nor did anyone in the Communist world miss the point. Poland's Gomulka, described by his associates as "broken and bitter," saw no one for hours after the news reached Warsaw.

The brutal reversion to a hard line, the declaration of war against those who wave "the pirate flag of national Communism" may have come from a secure sense of devil-may-care strength, but more likely it reflected the size of the crisis that the Russians have to cope with in Eastern Europe, and that China has to cope with among its own desperate population. There might be disagreements in the Kremlin over the means chosen, but there was no sign that any group in the Kremlin openly disagreed with the objective. And



Erich Lessing—Magnum

IMRE NAGY

In a single act of savagery . . .

there was no sign that Khrushchev had for the moment any cause to fear a serious challenge to his authority.

Last week, on the eve of the meeting at which he presumably spelled out his new policy, Khrushchev airily sent three of his own, hand-picked Central Committee members—as if their votes were not needed—off to a congress of the Czechoslovak Communist Party. It was significant, too, that the sole publicly announced policy decision taken by the Central Committee was the abolition of the "compulsory deliveries" that Russia's collective farms have hitherto been obliged to make to the state, though other forms of forced sale remain. This was a pet Khrushchev project.



U.P.I.

PAL MALETIER

. . . a warning and a symptom.

For Export Only. A week before announcing the execution of Nagy and Maletier, Khrushchev had jovially gone out of his way to ridicule rumors of a purge inside Russia (TIME, June 23). He had casually accounted for the whereabouts of the purged Malenkov and Bulganin and the missing Suslov. Another purge victim, ex-Foreign Minister Dmitry Shepilov, last week turned up conspicuously at the ballet in Moscow.

All of these gestures, just before announcing the executions, may have been designed by Khrushchev to reassure the Central Committeemen that while terror might be necessary to keep the lesser breeds of Eastern Europe in line, he had no intention of reinstituting such methods on the Soviet hierarchy. There is only one major flaw in this design—a flaw that Khrushchev may recognize from his experience as a lackey to Stalin. A policy of calculated terror has one thing in common with a policy of calculated liberalization. Once started, it is almost impossible to keep it within limited confines.

HUNGARY

The Betrayed

Hungary had had five brief days of freedom in October 1956 before the doublecross. Faced with the impressive force of the rebellion, Soviet Vice Premier Anastas Mikoyan had given a solemn pledge to withdraw the Red army. Four days later a horrified Premier Imre Nagy went on the air to "notify the people of our country and the entire world" that the Russians had launched a massive surprise attack on Budapest. Nagy fled to the Yugoslav embassy for sanctuary, while from a Budapest cellar Soviet Commissar Mikhail Suslov ran Hungary.

As Nagy sat in the Yugoslav embassy, the Russians did their best to entice him out. On Nov. 11 Hungary's new Puppet Premier Janos Kadar broadcast these words: "I, as a Minister in Imre Nagy's government, must openly state that to the best of my knowledge neither Imre Nagy nor his political groups meant knowingly to support the regime of counter-revolution." And on Nov. 21 Kadar gave the Yugoslavs his government's guarantee "in writing that it has no intention of taking punitive action against Imre Nagy and members of his group because of their past activities," and that Nagy's group could "go freely to their homes."

The unwary Yugoslavs let their guests go, but when Nagy and his party were loaded aboard a bus, they were set upon and kidnaped by Soviet police. Kadar blandly announced that Nagy had asked for asylum in Communist Rumania.

Early in Hungary's revolt a tall, gaunt Communist army colonel named Pal Maleter took command of fighting students and workers at Budapest's Kilian Barracks, and became a hero of his people. Nagy made him Defense Minister, sent him to negotiate the promised Red army troop withdrawal with the Soviet military command at Tokol, near Budapest. At midnight the Soviet secret police boss,

General Ivan Serov, walked into the gathering and declared Maletier under arrest. The astonished head of the Soviet delegation, General Malinin, volubly protested. Serov took the Russian general over to a window and whispered to him for several moments. Then General Malinin, shrugging his shoulders, ordered the Soviet delegation from the room. And Russian secret police grabbed Maletier.

Last week the Hungarian Ministry of Justice announced the disposition of charges against ten Hungarians found guilty of "betrayal of the people's democratic system." Five, including the former chief of police of Budapest, were sentenced to long prison terms. The sixth was said to have died in prison. The other four, Nagy, Maletier and two fellow freedom fighters—Miklos Gimes and Josef Szilagyi, journalist associates of Nagy—were sentenced to death. Concluded the communiqué: "The sentences are final. The death sentences have been executed."

His start was auspicious. He arrived in Beirut only four days after 50 had died in the capital's bloodiest battle, and in the midst of tension so great that the U.S. embassy had told all 5,000 American residents of Lebanon to stay indoors for the day. But Dag Hammarskjöld, imperturbable professional bird of good omen, brought the country—at least temporarily—its quietest days since the revolt began. He moved swiftly into headquarters in the Biarritz Hotel commanding a magnificent view of the Mediterranean, and began conferences with the U.N. observers who had already arrived under the Security Council directive to "ensure that there is no illegal infiltration of personnel or supply of arms or other material across the Lebanese borders."

Late that morning the Secretary-General visited President Chamoun for 45 minutes, and silently took notes on what the President had to say. Reportedly, Chamoun wanted a U.N.

The Christian Coast. But the deeper question was whether stopping the infiltration would stop the fighting. The rebels in Lebanon already had plenty of arms and plenty of men. They hold whole chunks of Lebanese territory, particularly around the borders. And if the end did not come soon (or evaporate, as Middle East crises sometimes do), the confused and intermittent struggle for Lebanon might become a crucial battle for the whole Middle East. Behind the Lebanese revolt, whether he started it or not, stood Nasser, his propaganda stirred up hatred² and his agents smuggled arms. Back of the Lebanese government, which was the first in the Arab world to adhere to the Eisenhower Doctrine, stood the U.S.

What was the shooting about? Lebanon's Moslem rebels, whose leaders shouted at the outset that their aim was simply to keep President Chamoun from changing the constitution and running for a second term, fought right on after the



SOVIET STYLE SHOW: SACK, BUBBLE, BEACH, FLAPPER
More class, more leg and a homemade dress for two weeks' pay.

RUSSIA

Getting the Sack

In Nikita Khrushchev's Russia the "new class" of elite bureaucrats is learning to have class. Moscow's GUM department store now features the sack, as well as Western-style swimsuits (*see cuts*). Explains the fashion show commentator: "The masses will grow accustomed to dresses as high as 14 inches from the floor." But neither the masses nor the class will be able to buy the dresses—only the materials and patterns. The cost for one dress: about two weeks' pay.

LEBANON

Five Stages to Peace

After 40 days of civil war in Lebanon, the U.N.'s Dag Hammarskjöld led a task force of peace, hoping to avert destruction of the tiny country and disaster in the Middle East. In a stagnant and ugly situation, he represented a last chance.

force of several thousand to seal off his Syrian border against further United Arab Republic infiltration. Hammarskjöld gave Chamoun no answer and would not even talk to rebel leaders. Instead, he stuck rigidly to his mandate to set up a group to watch the border.

His chief observer, New Zealand's Lieut. Colonel Maurice Brown, promised to have the 100 spotters that Hammarskjöld wanted (from nine countries) at work by week's end. From four outposts scattered throughout Lebanon, Brown sent them out in pairs of white U.N. jeeps to "see and hear." Later he hopes to add four light planes and two helicopters (offered by the U.S.) for his spotters. When Lebanese officials complained that such small, unarmed patrols could not stop infiltrators, Ecuador's ex-President Galo Plaza Lasso, one of the U.N.'s three supervisory commissioners, explained: "Our way is the moral way. We hope to stop the infiltration by bringing it to international attention."

government pledged that Chamoun would step down when his six-year term ended in September. Chamoun, confident that he could always count on U.S. aid, refused to compromise further.

Though he represents the Christian half of the nation, which has held the balance of power on the Levantine coast since the days of the Crusaders, Camille Chamoun cannot appeal for a defiance of Moslems in a way that a homogeneous state such as Israel can. Chamoun stands instead for that Lebanese tradition that turned its divisions to another sort of strength, the tradition of religious tolerance and political balance that built up commercial prosperity and cultural progress for Christians and Muslims alike. Chosen President of his country by the tradition that

* Sample wild accusation by the U.A.R.'s clandestine "Radio Free Lebanon": that Lebanese Foreign Minister and U.N. Delegate Charles Malik was actually Agent No. 6 in the British Secret Service, and had been paid \$200,000 by the British.

assigns that office to a Roman Catholic of the Maronite sect, Chamoun had to beware of turning Lebanon's internal struggle into a religious war between Christians and Moslem Arabs bent on making Lebanon a Moslem-run country tied to Egypt's Nasser.

Quiet Diplomacy. It might soon become that. In these straits there were five courses of action open, each one progressively more unattractive.

The first was to settle the affair among the Lebanese themselves. Last week, pressed to replace his ineffectual army commander with one who would turn all guns on the rebels, President Chamoun argued that for Lebanon's brigade-size army to take the offensive would be to risk a defeat "which would be fatal to the morale of the army and the people."

The second was to back Hammarskjöld's line-drawing plan. This way offered a chance to stop Nasser without causing public pain to Nasser's pathologically thin-skinned pride and his prestige as the unstoppable leader of Arab nationalism.

The third course, if a hundred men crisscrossing the Lebanese mountains in white jeeps should not hold back Nasser's ambitions, would be to create a U.N. force with troops from such middle-size powers as India, Brazil, Norway, large enough to seal off Lebanon's borders. Nasser has been happy enough to accept just such a U.N. Emergency Force to seal his Palestine frontier since the Israeli withdrawal of 1957. Such U.N. assistance might stabilize the little country long enough for the rebels to stop fighting, for Chamoun to serve out his lawful term, and for a new President to take office unburdened by the legacy of hate and dedicated to restoring Lebanon to its old place at the middle of the Middle East.

The fourth course might be forced on the Lebanese if all U.N. efforts should fail. Though President Chamoun last week described his policy as "neutrality among the Arab states and friendship for the West," his regime might appeal for help to those Arab neighbors aligned with the West and in opposition to Nasser: the Arab Union of Iraq and Jordan. Iraq's troops would have to be flown in, and there is question whether they would relish fighting other Arabs.

The fifth course, and one that a modern Arab nation would probably take only to save itself from destruction: ask the U.S. and Britain to send in troops.

The Last Resort. Neither the U.S. nor Britain was keen to move in, but it was a last resort that neither Lebanon nor its friends could overlook last week. If Lebanon's pro-West regime were to fall, the whole U.S. position in the Middle East would be jeopardized. Last week Secretary Dulles paid a rare visit to the Pentagon to discuss ways and means of moving U.S. forces into Lebanon if requested. Later he told his press conference that there were "other contingencies" for U.S. action in the Lebanese crisis than through the U.N.

The Sixth Fleet, with 3,000 combat-



James Whitmore—LIFE

BALCONY GENERALS, ARAB STYLE (NASSER & SERRAJ IN DAMASCUS)

Despite the fertilizer experts, the Syrians are not happy.

equipped Marines aboard, canceled an Istanbul visit to remain at sea in the Eastern Mediterranean; the British increased their troop strength in Cyprus to 37,000, considerably more than was needed for quelling Nicosia rioters. The Soviet press, denouncing "imperialist war plans against Lebanon," hinted at sending Russian "volunteers" to help the rebels. Amid these rumblings, Peacemaker Dag Hammarskjöld flew on to Cairo this week to explain the advantages of the thin line he had drawn across the Lebanese side of Nasser's Syrian frontier.

SYRIA

Restless Province

In the atmosphere of mass exultation that attended the birth of the United Arab Republic last February, Egyptian and Syrian leaders acted as if the union of their two countries, which do not even share a common border, were the most natural thing in the world. The U.A.R.'s propagandists denounced the rival Hashemite Arab Federation of Iraq and Jordan² as a "sham" that would soon collapse, while theirs was a merger of peoples bound by history, blood and religion. Impulsive Syrians, who voted almost unanimously for Gamal Abdel Nasser as the first President of the new republic, thought of him as an Arab and only incidentally as an Egyptian. But after five months, Syria (pop. 4,000,000) has become a province of poorer Egypt (pop. 24 million)—and not everyone is happy about it.

Red Swarm. Nasser, replacing Red influence with his own, has made progress in preventing the Syrians from slipping farther into the Soviet orbit, but the so-

called "northern region" of the U.A.R. remains infiltrated by Communists to an alarming degree. An estimated 1,000 Soviet technicians, military advisers and embassy personnel are stationed in Syria; the area is aswarm with "technical" missions of bridge builders, oil surveyors and "fertilizer experts." Syria is dependent on Russia for \$170 million of its \$600 million development program.

One-third of Syria's wool exports (ten times last year's amount) and more than half of the cotton crop will go this year to the Soviet bloc. Although Syrian Communist Boss Khaled Bakdash fled to Moscow when the union was proclaimed, the Communist newspaper *Al Noor* still publishes the Red line, and Damascus Radio echoes it. Sample broadcast about Lebanon: "The U.S. has taken off the fancy dress hiding her real identity as a slippery snake trying to emit poison, suck blood and eat human flesh."

Rebuke from Cairo. To consolidate his own authority in Syria, Nasser has dispatched more than 200 civilian officials and several thousand Egyptian troops into Syria, stationing at least one Egyptian officer with every Syrian army company. Playing his proconsuls against each other, Nasser has split authority in Syria among 1) Old Politicos Akram Hourani and Sabri el Assali, Vice Presidents of the U.A.R.; 2) Colonel Abdel Hamid Serraj, now Interior Minister, press czar, and boss of a police state intelligence network; 3) Mahmoud Riad, onetime Egyptian army colonel and Ambassador to Syria, who is Nasser's shadow in Damascus. But while Nasser still rides tall in the saddle with the masses, he is faced with a growing restlessness among influential Syrians. Items:

¶ Syria's freewheeling political parties, although supposedly dissolved at the time of the merger, still function unofficially. Nasser, who allows only his own National

² Which last week decided to style itself officially as the Arab Union, not the Arab Federation. Iraq's young Feisal became King of the Arab Union, while his young cousin Hussein will still be King of Jordan.

Union in Egypt, was recently forced to call his opportunistic Vice President, Hourani, to task for encouraging the continued clandestine operation of Hourani's Socialist-Baath Party.

¶ Syrian civil servants are grumbling that all the good jobs are going to the Egyptians. Of the 800 prospective employees of the U.A.R.'s foreign service, probably only 100 will be Syrians. Syrian army officers have protested when transferred to Egypt.

¶ A serious drought has cut this year's wheat crop in half and the barley harvest by one-third, threatening a budget deficit in Syria in 1958 of \$70 million, compared to \$28 million last year.

¶ The Lebanese crisis shut off tourist traffic and transit trade to Jordan and Iraq; it halted oil and fuel shipments from Lebanon, immobilizing farm machinery and leaving crops to rot. A shortage of consumer goods developed in Damascus shops; kerosene is rationed. Banks report increasing defaults on debt payments. Businessmen are irritated.

¶ Syrian officials still act on their own. Without consulting Cairo, the Damascus government recently announced sweeping increases on Syrian customs duties for automobiles and other "luxury items." Nasser rebuked his proconsuls. But when the Cairo newspaper *Akhbar el Yom* warned that decisions of this sort should come from Cairo and not Damascus, Syrian officials promptly confiscated the Egyptian newspaper—so that no Syrians would see who is boss.

CYPRUS

Romans 5: 3-4

From Cornwall went the cable: FOOT, GOVERNMENT HOUSE, CYPRUS: SEE SECOND CORINTHIANS FOUR VERSES EIGHT AND NINE. On Cyprus, Sir Hugh Foot, 50, Britain's hard-pressed Governor, opened his Bible to the passage his father, Isaac, had indicated:

We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed.

From Cyprus to his father, a 78-year-old Methodist lay preacher, Sir Hugh replied: FOOT, CALLINGTON, CORNWALL: SEE ROMANS FIVE VERSES THREE AND FOUR. The passage:

And not only so, but we glory in tribulations also: knowing that tribulation worketh patience; and patience, experience; and experience, hope.

In this spirit last week Sir Hugh Foot set about introducing Britain's intricate new plan to give limited self-government to Cyprus (*TIME*, June 23). Tribulation was what he expected. After the previous week's bloodshed between Greek Cypriots and Turkish Cypriots, the British had rushed additional troops to Cyprus, boosting the security force to 37,000 men for an area smaller than Los Angeles County. They postponed the scheduled public announcement of the plan for 48 hours to

give the NATO Council a chance to calm the growing bitterness between NATO Partners Greece and Turkey. In a concentrated diplomatic effort, all the other 13 NATO powers—led by the U.S.—pressed the Greeks and Turks to at least consider the plan and withhold violence that could endanger the alliance.

Adventure in Partnership. In the House of Commons, Harold Macmillan announced the British offer. Stating Britain's "obligation . . . to give a firm and clear lead out of the present deadlock," he offered an "adventure in partnership." Declared Macmillan, "Cyprus should enjoy the advantages of association not only with the United Kingdom, but also with Greece and Turkey."

To draw the Greeks and Turks into what would amount to a condominium,



Larry Buttrick—Life

SIR HUGH FOOT
Patience worketh hope.

Macmillan invited each nation to send a representative to the island to work with the British Governor and the local Cypriot Council. He proposed that Cypriots be allowed to become Greek or Turkish citizens while retaining their British citizenship. If this experiment works, said the Prime Minister, Britain would be prepared to go further and "at the appropriate time . . . share the sovereignty of the island with her Greek and Turkish allies."

Complicated as the plan was, it had certainly considered everyone's feelings. But within hours the rejections began to roll in. The nays were at least softer than anyone had dared hope after all the violence. In an artfully worded letter that was two days in the writing, exiled Greek Orthodox Archbishop Makarios, bearded leader of the Greek Cypriot movement for union with Greece, objected that the plan could constitutionally divide the island in two, "thereby creating a focus of permanent unrest." But Makarios, whom Macmillan offered to return to Cyprus if violence ceased, concluded on a milder

note: "We do not reject a transitory stage of self-government."

Constructive & Courageous. In Ankara the Turkish government, which had stirred up mainland demonstrations to match the riots it had provoked on the island, as abruptly called off the agitation. Only a week after mobs cried, "Partition or Death!", the Turks dropped a hint that partition might be reconciled with "partnership." Significantly, no Greek, Turkish or Cypriot leader stated any strong objection to Britain's decision to stay and keep peace on the island until 1965.

Cyprus was an armed camp as R.A.F. planes swooped over the island showering leaflets outlining the plan and Hugh Foot went on the air to declare: "This constructive and courageous course is the only one that can save Cyprus from disaster." Added Sir Hugh: "No one need lose. Everyone stands to gain." Then he waited for everyone's second thoughts, with the patience that worketh experience and in time hope.

FRANCE

Breathing Spell

Eighteen years ago this month, a slim, ungainly French officer who had taken refuge in London broadcast a call to arms that jolted his countrymen out of numb acceptance of defeat into a renewed fight against Nazi Germany. Last week, on the anniversary of that historic appeal, its author, still clad in the uniform of a brigadier general, rolled up the Champs-Élysées in an open limousine. As he passed, his arms flung wide in a giant V for victory, hundreds of thousands of voices kept up a continuous roar of *Vive De Gaulle*.

At the Arc de Triomphe, De Gaulle paused briefly to rekindle the flame at the tomb of France's unknown soldier. Then, re-entering his car, he moved on across the Seine to Mont Valérien, a historic fort that overlooks a tiny, sandy valley where 4,000 Frenchmen were executed during the Nazi occupation. His face working with emotion, De Gaulle relit the flame of the resistance, prayed for a few moments at the tomb of the 16 resistance heroes buried in the fort. When at last the defiant strains of the *Marseillaise* rolled out over the valley, there was unabashed weeping in the crowd.

Coming as they did from the citizens of radical Paris, the thunderous cheers that greeted De Gaulle on the Champs-Élysées and Mont Valérien constituted an impressive vote of confidence in his government that was in marked contrast with Paris' reluctant acceptance of his return to power. And to confirm the results of this emotional plebiscite, the French Institute of Public Opinion found that all over France 54% of those questioned regarded De Gaulle's return to power as "a great good" and only 9% thought it "very bad."

Even more impressive was the startling success that Finance Minister Antoine Pinay's public loan (*TIME*, June 23) was having among a people traditionally wary

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THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

Known by the company it keeps

Art has many elements—and the greatest of these are three: inspiration, dedication, and that vital center—talent. As these define the difference between average paintings and a masterpiece, they also mark the distinction between other whiskies and V.O.

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of government securities. In a single day last week Frenchmen parted with a record \$18 million in hoarded gold to buy the new bonds, and by week's end the amount of gold converted into bonds totaled \$42 million. "If this keeps up for a few weeks," grinned Pinay, "we may have to enlarge the vaults of the Bank of France."

The New Officer. If this rare surge of national confidence ultimately may end in bitter disappointment it will not be for want of trying by Charles de Gaulle. With the concentration of a new officer straightening out a demoralized command, De Gaulle was applying himself to shortcomings in French national policy that no one had seriously tackled in years. Items: **1** Minister of Construction Pierre Sudreau got two months to prepare a program to build rental housing, so that France will no longer be the only major nation that has made no real dent in its postwar housing shortage.

2 Minister of Justice Michel Debré was charged with the task of reorganizing France's hodgepodge judicial structure.

3 Ministers Louis Jacquinot, Jean Berthoin and André Malraux were ordered to devise a scheme for financing long-range scientific research.

4 Minister of State Guy Mollet was assigned to head a task force to simplify the structure of French municipal government.

5 To reassure France's allies—and perhaps remind them of France's international bargaining power—De Gaulle himself arranged to meet with Britain's Harold Macmillan on June 20-21 and with John Foster Dulles on July 5.

A Visit from the Boss. Most important of all, De Gaulle was working to reverse the disastrous course that previous French governments had followed in North Africa. He plans another three-day tour of Algeria beginning July 2, and this time, it was announced, he would take along ex-Premier Mollet, who retreated from Algiers under a shower of rotten tomatoes in February 1956, in the first successful defiance of Paris by Algeria's European *colons*.

De Gaulle's invitation to Mollet was a clear challenge to the *colons*. With equal firmness De Gaulle cut through the trivialities that had been stalling negotiations for withdrawal of French troops from Tunisia. Abandoning all claims to a disputed radar station, he accepted the Tunisian terms immediately. Seven thousand French infantry and armored troops will evacuate 16 Tunisian bases and posts within the next four months, leaving only the naval base of Bizerte in French hands.

No Time for Bonds. The Tunisian settlement was a much needed boost to those Arab moderates who hope to end the Algerian war. Two months ago, in a conference at Tangier (TIME, May 12), Algerian rebel leaders were received as heroes by their Moroccan and Tunisian colleagues, easily won Moroccan and Tunisian back-

ing for a threat to create an Algerian government in exile—a step which if taken would almost surely force France to break off relations with Morocco and Tunisia. Last week, flying into Tunis for a second North African conference, a four-man Algerian delegation led by onetime French Deputy Ferhat Abbas found no bands, no government ministers, no comfortable American automobiles to greet them.

And it soon became clear that neither Morocco's Premier Ahmed Balafrej nor Tunisia's President Habib Bourguiba had any intention of consenting to the formation of an Algerian rebel government for the time being. With Ferhat Abbas sitting glumly beside him under a canopy bedecked with red Tunisian flags, Bourguiba pointedly boasted of the concessions Tunisia had won from France by



GENERAL DE GAULLE
Attacking on long-neglected fronts.

relying on negotiations rather than force. "Above all," said Bourguiba, "the struggle is a war of nerves to impress the adversary, to make him think, to help him find the path of truth."

Optimistically, Middle-of-the-Roader Bourguiba conjured up a vision that sounded remarkably like the French North African federation scheme favored by De Gaulle. Said Bourguiba: "De Gaulle enjoys a liberty of action . . . This new orientation has inspired us with increased confidence in France . . . Today I say to France and to Frenchmen that the unity of North Africa can be achieved in cooperation and friendship with France. We hope it can be achieved with her, in agreement with her, without the intervention of other countries."

Along with Bourguiba's olive branch went somber warnings that Algeria must have independence within "a very limited time." But for the first time in nearly four years, Arab leaders had sufficient trust in a French government to give it a breathing space in which to work toward a peaceful solution.

GHANA

"Where the Power Lies"

His own people called him "the show boy, our leader, the man of destiny," and the British saw in Kwame Nkrumah, educated at Pennsylvania's Lincoln University, the man most likely to succeed in turning his newly independent Gold Coast nation of six main tribes, three religions and 65 dialects into a smoothly running parliamentary democracy. In the 15 months since Ghana won its freedom, Prime Minister Nkrumah has brought his people stability, but in the process liberty has received a few side blows.

A somewhat vain man who suffered a \$120,000 statue of himself to be erected in front of Accra's Parliament House, Nkrumah shocked his British Laborite boosters by cracking down hard on the opposition, led by scholarly Sociologist Kofi Busia of University College. He deported his critics, sent his tough-talking Minister of the Interior, Krobo Edusei, stumbling about the country, threatening to "deport aliens and detain without court trial" Ghanaians who opposed the government. But of all Nkrumah's battles, none has been fought more doggedly than the one against the traditional powers of Ghana's tribal chiefs. Last week that battle seemed finally to be nearing its end.

To undermine the chiefs, whose powers the British had specifically protected in entrenched clauses in the constitution, Nkrumah embarked on an intense campaign to show them exactly "where the power lies." Those who did not support him, he said, would be made "to run and leave not only their sandals behind, but their stools and belongings as well."

Though he could not himself destool intransigent chiefs,* he decided to make an example of Paramount Chief Ofori Atta II, ruler of 500,000 tribesmen in the south. Nkrumah withdrew official recognition from him, then appointed a former British judge to investigate his administration. Last week, after the judge found that Atta II had abused his power, Nkrumah's Parliament transferred control of the chief's funds to the government.

Even the powerful Asantehene, King of the Ashanti, whose golden stool is believed to have come down from heaven, was not too big for the Prime Minister. Over the months, Nkrumah has created six new senior chiefs in Ashanti to challenge the Asantehene's rule, is now ready with a bill to set up, in accordance with the constitution, Houses of Chiefs to act as advisers to the government. When the bill becomes law, the Asantehene will lose his absolute power to make and break his own vassal chiefs. He will be merely the titular head of an advisory body more important than Britain's House of Lords.

As Nkrumah increased his grip, four M.P.s defected from the opposition, bring-

* Only a chief's own tribe can. He is made to appear before his assembled people in full regalia, and as he sits upon his stool, it is yanked out from under him. As he lies sprawled on the ground, a tribesman tears off one of the chief's sandals and slaps him smartly in the face with it as token of his disgrace on life.

ing Nkrumah's majority up to 77 v. 24. At the same time, it became known that Kofi Busia, now in ill health, intends to resign as opposition leader and go back to teaching at University College. Deprived of its most respected figure, the opposition found itself near collapse. There was no longer much doubt in Ghana as to just "where the power lies."

GREAT BRITAIN

Duke in Disneyland

When once asked just how he happened to become the sort of chap he is, 41-year-old John Robert Russell, 13th Duke of Bedford, airily replied: "I wasn't raised to be a gentleman, you know." Of all Britain's cash-strapped peers whom death and taxes have forced to open their estates to the public, none has done so with such tradition-shattering flamboyance as the duke. On the 3,000 acres of Woburn Park, just 40 miles from London, and in the gold-and-damask rooms of Woburn Abbey, things go on these days that would have made the first twelve Dukes of Bedford shudder. His present Grace has turned the place into a sort of Disneyland—with a degree of success that has made him both the target and the envy of all those engaged in what his duchess calls "the stately-homes racket."

Something for Everyone. Last week, through lands where noble lords once rode to hounds, hundreds of tourists scuttled about in buses and cars, munched sandwiches on rolling lawns, and frolicked on ponds in water scooters and sailboats. They shuffled through halls that once knew royalty, saw Queen Victoria's State Bedroom, gaped at Rembrandts, Van Dycks and Reynolds, and examined such items as the saltcellars from Louis XV's wedding table.

For the hungry and sore-footed there are restaurants, a milk bar and an outdoor tea garden. There is a penny arcade with a rock-'n'-roll-playing jukebox for the Teddy Boy set, a maze, a miniature train and pony rides for the children. While the ladies can load up at the souvenir shop on bric-a-brac bearing the dual coat of arms, the men can attend a peepshow called "Ten Beautiful Models in Color and 3-D." Finally, for the benefit of all, there is the duke himself, always around to greet his "guests," to pose for pictures, sign autographs and even judge skiffle contests. "One is," says the duke matter-of-factly, "one of the attractions."

From Carnegie to Ford. The grandson of the famed "Flying Duchess" who set speed records in her plane until the day she disappeared into the blue (1937), John Robert Russell was destined to be a bit out of the ordinary. His father was a religious eccentric who did not speak to his own father for 20 years, once tried to negotiate a peace with Hitler, spent a fortune attempting to develop a breed of homing budgerigars, and so hated all schools, as a result of his life at Eton, that he insisted his children be privately tutored. Young John's education was, as he himself says, "most abnormal," and instead of ending up in the army or the

government, he found himself a reporter on the *Sunday Express*. Lord Beaverbrook's editors taught him "all about giving people what they want, not what they should have." Dale Carnegie's *How to Win Friends and Influence People* is "a sort of bible with me."

When John succeeded to his title in 1953, he and his wife, an aunt of the new Aga Khan, found Woburn Abbey crumbling from neglect. For two years the couple painted and repaired, rummaged through rooms of stored ancestral treasures. The duke stopped at nothing to advertise his place. He snapped up every TV offer, lectured women's clubs on how to cook venison ("Had to study up for that one"), gave his butler's services as a prize on a U.S. TV show, even invited Marilyn Monroe to spend a night in the bed used by Charles I. His unabashed huckstering paid off. In 1955 an imposing 199,647



HIST BEDFORD

Associated Press

"One is one of the attractions."

visitors went to Woburn. Last year the number was up to 372,000.

Helicopters & Nudists. Though he is far from making the annual \$420,000 needed to keep Woburn up, the duke plans a motel and trailer park, will stage a tractor race with the Marquess of Bath in July, will even entertain a convention of nudists in August ("Well, you not?"). For those who call such antics undignified, the duke has only scorn: "Try to sell your dignity to a pawnbroker and see how much you get." Besides, he says with a self-satisfied smile, "the people who have been so bloody nasty in the past are now beginning to copy me."

SOUTHERN RHODESIA Chiwaro's Find

Prospectors Laurence Contat, 37, and Cornelius Oosthuizen, 42, were sitting under a tree in a grassy meadow near the town of Belinegwe having a spot of tea. Out in the hot sun around them were

their "prospecting boys." African helpers trained to look for unusual rock outcrops. As they sat, recalls Contat, "an African named Chiwaro came in with a rock sample. He didn't think much of it, but it had what Colombian miners call *morrallo* [the characteristic mineral in which emeralds are embedded]. The *morrallo* may open into nothing; but it may also open into clusters of emeralds."

Abandoning their tea, the prospectors followed Chiwaro to the place where he had found the rock. They worked carefully up the slope, pushing the veld grass gently aside with their hands, until they struck an outcrop of pegmatite and schist. It was the end of their search. Embedded in the soft, weather-beaten rock were emerald clusters, green and unmistakable.

A Quiet Year. Contat and Oosthuizen did not shout the good news to the world. "We pretended to attach no importance to the deposit," says Contat. "We went there casually. We sorted our stones at night. We kept it quiet for a year."

But by last week the news was out, and Southern Rhodesia was in a dither about the greatest find of emeralds in Africa since the days of the ancients who used to dig the green gems from "Cleopatra's Mines" near the shores of the Red Sea. To the ancients, emeralds were a specific against epilepsy and dysentery, an aid in childbirth, eye troubles and the preservation of chastity. To Contat and Oosthuizen, the emeralds at Belinegwe may represent a fortune in excess of \$20 million. They have already turned down an offer of \$2,800,000 for a quarter share in their profits.

The Southern Rhodesian government is as excited as the lucky prospectors. It has closed off an area of 500 sq. mi. surrounding the discovery. The Belinegwe site itself is hedged in by three barbed-wire fences, one around the other, guarded by 18 policemen and two watchdogs and illuminated at night by two searchlights. A concrete blockhouse combining a processing plant and storage vaults will soon be built. The diggings themselves consist of a hole scarcely 2 ft. deep, and 3 ft. by 12 ft. wide. The work is done entirely by hand, since emeralds—unlike diamonds, which can be put through a crusher without harm—split easily.

Trace of Blue. The Belinegwe gems are fine quality stones whose price on the world market will probably be higher than that of diamonds per carat of weight. A slight trace of blue in the gems (caused, says Contat, by "a needle-like inclusion of amphibole in the crystalline structure") may make them unique among emeralds. So far, few of the Belinegwe gems have reached the jewel marts. The prospectors and the Southern Rhodesian government are aware that the world emerald market is small and extremely sensitive, and therefore will dole out the gems slowly to keep prices high.

What about Chiwaro, the African helper whose find led to the discovery of the emerald treasure? He has not been forgotten. The millionaire prospectors have promised him a lifetime pension of \$420 a year.

THE HEMISPHERE

CANADA

Tory Mop-Up

Governments often live to a ripe old age in Canada, but none in the nation's history had lived as long as the Liberal regime in the central prairie province of Manitoba. Last week, after 43 years, the regime at last lost a provincial election—just one year after the fall of the national Liberal government that had ruled for 22 years.

The reasons were much the same: a resurgent Tory Party capitalizing on the cry of time for a change. The victory carried on the political upheaval touched off across Canada by the magnetic, evangelistic personality of Prime Minister John Diefenbaker, the Tory national leader. The returns in Manitoba gave the Tories 26 seats, the Liberals 19, the socialist CCF 11. Though the CCF thus got the balance of power, the premier will probably be Tory Dufferin Roblin, 41, the spellbinding bachelor politician who energetically masterminded his party's victory. Across the land the long-dominant Liberals were left with control of only two small island provinces on the Atlantic coast—Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland.

Tax Repeal

The Tory government last week repealed Canada's tax on the gross advertising revenue in Canadian editions of foreign magazines, pointing out that the tax was 1) wrong in principle and 2) a failure in its intent to aid Canadian publications. The tax had aroused alarm among Canadian newspapers, which feared an infringement on press freedom; it drew worried protests from Washington, and it undercut Canada's traditional stand for the principle of free international exchange of goods and information.

When the 25% tax was imposed by the Liberal government in January 1957, Liberal Finance Minister Walter Harris admitted that his aim was to force the foreign magazines to raise their rates or go out of business, in either case diverting advertising to Canadian-owned magazines. The main targets, *Time* and *Reader's Digest*, increased their ad rates to offset half of the tax—and last year collected a slightly higher percentage of the total Canadian magazine advertising revenue than before. *Time* paid the tax (about \$500,000 in 1957) under protest; *Reader's Digest* elected to fight it in court—and even after repeal decided to carry the case to a decision. When the tax was removed, both magazines announced immediate ad rate reductions equal to the part of the tax that had been passed on to advertisers.

Both Prime Minister John Diefenbaker and Finance Minister Donald Fleming had denounced the tax when they were Opposition M.P.s. Last week, while Diefenbaker



Hugh Allen—Winnipeg Tribune
MANITOBA'S ROBLIN
With the same reasons.

ker listened, Fleming restated his reasons for opposing it: "We warned repeatedly that this tax would prove to be both unjust and ineffective. Experience has confirmed our views. I do not underestimate the difficulties which Canadian magazines are facing. If the government is to give any special support, it should be in a manner that infringes neither the freedom of the press nor the reading preferences of the public."



Donovan Cameron—Control Press
FINANCE MINISTER FLEMING
Without infringement.

Low-Toll Seaway

The Canadian and U.S. committees assigned to recommend a toll policy for the St. Lawrence Seaway last week plumped for low tolls aimed at attracting a high volume of traffic to the new deepwater channels when they open next year. Hearings on the toll rates will open in Ottawa and Washington in August; if both the U.S. and Canadian governments approve the rates as recommended, it will usually cost shipowners less in tolls to move their vessels the 300 miles from Montreal to Lake Erie than to go through the Panama or Suez Canals.

To pass through both the St. Lawrence River and the Welland Canal, a ship would be charged \$6 for each gross registered ton, plus 42¢ for each short ton (2,000 lbs.) of bulk cargo and 95¢ a ton for general cargo. A modern C-2 freighter carrying 4,000 tons of bulk cargo (ore, grain, pulpwood, scrap) and 4,000 tons of packaged merchandise would pay \$5,955 for a one-way passage; a profitless trip in ballast would cost only \$475 in tolls.

Because of its greater outlays in seaway construction, the Canadian seaway agency will retain 71% of all tolls for the St. Lawrence River; the U.S. will get 29%. The toll committees estimated that the rate structure they recommended will meet all operating costs of the seaway, pay off construction costs over a 30-year period.

THE AMERICAS

Operation Pan American

In a major radio and TV speech, Brazil's President Juscelino Kubitschek last week called for a "meeting on the highest political level"—a hemisphere summit talk—to solve Latin America's "disease of underdevelopment." He dubbed the task of developing Latin America "Operation Pan American," and in effect appealed for a Marshall Plan to do the job.

Speaking from a paneled room of Rio's Catete Palace, with 20 hemisphere ambassadors present, Kubitschek praised the U.S. for its prompt aid in reconstructing war-ruined European economies. But, he said sadly, Washington did not show "equal interest in the serious problem of development in countries still with rudimentary economies." Thus, according to Kubitschek, Latin America found itself "in a more precarious and afflicted position than the nations devastated by war, and has become the most vulnerable point within the Western coalition." The President warned, "The Western cause will unavoidably suffer if in its own hemisphere no help comes. It is difficult to defend the democratic ideal with misery weighing on so many lives."

Until now the U.S. has been lukewarm to the idea of Pan American summit talks. Washington would prefer a meet-

Love Letters to Rambler



Duncan M. Ackley, of Kalamazoo, Michigan, is in the Marketing Division of The Upsilon Company. With four drivers in the family, they bought a Rambler-Cross Country station wagon as a "second car". Mr. Ackley has one complaint:

"I DON'T GET TO DRIVE OUR RAMBLER ENOUGH"

"Actually, the Rambler that was bought as a 'second car' has become our family's first car. The longer we use it, the more little things we find to like—excellent gasoline mileage, comfortable riding and handling and such fine car features as, for example, back seat vent windows, a dome light that lights when a back door is opened, a rear window that disappears into the tailgate, etc.

"You may be interested to know that our teen-age sons prefer the Rambler to our heavier car. In fact, my complaint is that I don't get to drive our Rambler enough myself!"

4 out of 5 two-car families who own a Rambler and a bigger car, report they drive the Rambler most. See your Rambler dealer today. See why Rambler sales are up 74%!



WEEKEND at the WALDORF AIR CONDITIONED ROOMS & SUITES



Enjoy a thrilling weekend at this world famous hotel. Superb accommodations. Top entertainment in the glamorous Starlight Roof.

Send for Special Summer Leaflet and Rates.

The WALDORF-ASTORIA

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A Hilton Hotel

ing of foreign ministers for hard conference work, topping that meeting off with a symbolic gathering of Presidents afterward. The U.S. view is widely understood: Brazilian Foreign Affairs Minister José Carlos de Macedo Soares resigned last week in protest over Kubitschek's call for presidential talks.

U.S. enthusiasm for a Marshall Plan for Latin America may well be restrained, but the Latinos are expected to endorse it heartily. Quipped one Latin American ambassador as he left Catete Palace after the speech: "I'm underdevelopment!"

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

Young Man Goes West

"Pretty high-class people," said the manager of Kansas City's Ambassador Hotel. "They had satin sheets on the beds." The "people" were Lieut. General Rafael ("Ramfis") Trujillo Jr., who checked out of a full-floor Ambassador suite last week after failing to get a diploma from the Army Command and General Staff College at nearby Fort Leavenworth, Kans. With two aides, a collie and 35 pieces of luggage he boarded a private railroad car bound for the West Coast and the only person who seemed to care: Actress Zsa Zsa Gabor.

Zsa Zsa was solicitous. "What would be nicer," she asked, "than to have him marry a nice American girl? Think what this would do for friendly relations between his country and the United States." The general met Zsa Zsa for dinner and moved into a \$5,000-a-month mansion until he can start a cruise on the Trujillo yacht *Angelita*. Happily, Zsa Zsa began to plan a party aboard the yacht.

A few days later, manned by a crew of 30 that included a twelve-piece band, *Angelita* steamed into Los Angeles harbor, sidestepped a dock and stove in a lifeboat. Registered as a naval vessel, it dodged \$18.25 a day in dock fees, though the only visible armament was a line-throwing gun. Caterers began loading on such supplies as champagne and cracked crab, and the master came aboard—but in bad temper from all the publicity. "Zsa Zsa Gabor is not giving a party on my boat," Ramfis snapped. "We will entertain," an aide explained, "but the general will be the host."

In Ciudad Trujillo, Rafael Trujillo Sr. stayed in bad temper over his son's repeated setbacks. Having promoted Junior to chairman of the Dominican Joint Chiefs of Staff just after the buy flunked at Fort Leavenworth, the dictator followed up by calling home all 30 Dominicans who were studying at U.S. military establishments. He threatened to end all military aid pacts with the U.S., including the one under which the U.S. runs a missile-tracking station in the Dominican Re-

@ A four-masted bark measuring 116 ft from the tapered stern to the golden eagle on its bow, *Tageria* is the same ship that dazzled black Russia in 1917 when its former owner, Mrs. Marie-Meriwether Post Davies, and husband Joseph E. Davies, U.S. Ambassador to the U.S.S.R., sailed the vessel, then named *Sea Cloud*, through the Baltic to Leningrad.

public. He sniffed that since the Army Command and General Staff College has become a "political tool," its diploma "cannot constitute an honor to anyone."

VENEZUELA

The Different Communists

In the five months since Rear Admiral Wolfgang Larrazábal's junta took over Venezuela, Larrazábal has gone perplexingly out of his way to be kind to Communists. Last week, as the Provisional President held his first regular weekly press conference at Caracas' White Palace, his reasoning seemed to come a little clearer. Seven times during the 45-minute session the crisply khaki'd admiral was asked if he would be candidate for President when regular elections are held next No-



PRESIDENT LARAZÁBAL
Naive could mean shrewd.

vember. Seven times he hemmed, hawed and refused to push his khaki cap out of the campaign ring.

Larrazábal appeared to be developing a strategy of enthusiastic reticence. He was not actively seeking the nomination. But he was ready if the nation drafted him. The best way to nurture a draft was to hold the popularity of the masses. And at the moment the best way to be popular is to stay on good terms with Venezuela Communists, who claim 26,000 members and are riding the crest of the post-dictatorship leftward swing. Larrazábal, it seemed intended to do just that. Said the admiral at his press conference: "Maybe I am naive. But I feel our Communism is a different Communism. Because of his rich patriotic heritage no Venezuelan would accept orders from abroad." Such full-gushing benediction of Venezuela's bumptious Communists did indeed show an ideological naïveté. But it showed also a practical shrewdness that any man who hoped to become President of Venezuela should certainly possess.

Another good reason gourmets say:

The BEST WAY is by TWA



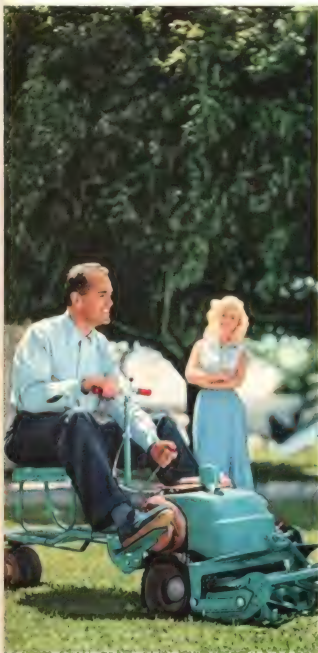
Dave Chasen, noted Beverly Hills restaurateur, approves a great entree.

Sirloin of beef... broiled to your order in flight!

Your Ambassador flight hums toward the evening sun. Dinner is served—a celebrated event on TWA. You begin with cocktails, you conclude with coffee, a choice of liqueurs, and a satisfied sigh. But the high point, an airline innovation by TWA chefs and Dave Chasen, is a culinary masterwork—a tender cut of prime sirloin of beef broiled in flight to individual taste. All this, of course, part of a most pleasant and rewarding trip by TWA Ambassador.

FLY THE FINEST... FLY **TWA** TRANS WORLD AIRLINES

Today's **USS** steels
lighten your work . . . brighten your leisure . . .



No more a chore. Keeping your place a showplace is downright fun when you have a ride-yourself power mower of steel to whiz you about the yard. And tools made of steels from U. S. Steel take much of the work out of dozens of your other outdoor tasks . . . give you a lifetime of trouble-free service.



Indoor comfort, too, depends on steel. How pleasant it is to step into the clean, refreshing coolness air conditioning provides when temperatures begin to soar. As with so many of the aids to easier living in your home, air-conditioning units require many different USS steels to keep you comfortable all year 'round.

widen your world . . .



America goes in style! Think how much the modern automobile has broadened the scope of your activities by narrowing the distance between you and the places you want to go . . . the people you want to see. And think how much steels from USS contribute to the sleek styling of the car you go in—from sweeping, steel-sculptured body lines to gleaming steel trim. Yes, from bumper to bumper, today's cars are steel.



Lighten
your work.
Brighten
your hours.
Build
your world.

The mark of a new
standard is made of steel.
Look for it when needed.



United States Steel

TRADEMARK



Catalyst... the bank that knows California

IN TWO DECADES California's chemical industry has built a billion-dollar business from oil, water, stone, air—and the minds of men.

In this success story one ingredient has been as important as the laboratories themselves: the *financing* that makes large-scale chemical production a reality.

Bank of America is an old hand at bringing capital and

the chemical industry together—a job done *on-the-spot* through branches located close to every major producer in the state.

Whatever *your* business goals in the West, the localized services of Bank of America's more than 600 branches in 350 California communities may be just the formula you need. Why not see us about it?



With resources of over ten billion dollars, Bank of America is the world's largest bank. It is owned by more than 200,000 stockholders.

BANK OF AMERICA

NATIONAL TRUST AND SAVINGS ASSOCIATION

HEAD OFFICES: SAN FRANCISCO 30, LOS ANGELES 34
MEMBER FEDERAL RESERVE BANKING CORPORATION

PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

The hair was skimpier, the waist thicker, but Comic **Bob Hope**, onstage at the St. Louis Municipal Opera in the Broadway role he created 25 years ago, seemed the same slat-nosed, perpetual lad with the innocent leer. Playing Huckleberry Haines, the matchmaking student bandleader of Alpha Beta Pi, in the Jerome Kern-Otto Harbach musical *Roberta*, Gagan Hope (aided by his writers) stuck to the creaky plot, but inserted his old vaudeville number *Invitation to the Dance*, convulsed the audience with typical, topical *Hope*: "The President is getting off better drives—he has Sherman Adams' picture on the ball." For its 40th season, the famed old Muny, heavily challenged by TV, had turned to the star system—and with hopeful results: more than 12,000 showed up at the opera's best opening night ever.

Still stern to the memory of his onetime commander, General **Charles de Gaulle** refused a request from the widow of Marshal **Henri Philippe Pétain**, wavering head of the fascist puppet Vichy government during World War II, asking that her husband's remains, now on the lonely Ile d'Yeu, be transferred to a graveyard at Verdun, site of his great 1916 defensive victory over the Germans.

Chin up but mouse-quiet, **Elizabeth Taylor Todd** made her first public appearance since the death of her rambunctious Mike (TIME, March 31) at a Hollywood press conference called to announce



SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL
Out of the money.

her next screen role: a budding beauty queen in the comedy *Busman's Holiday*. The producers: plucky Liz and her stepson, Mike Todd Jr., 28, who nervously flaunted some of the old man's damn-the-torpedoes financial bazaz: "Cost? We'll spend as much as it takes."

When Columbia University honored eleven wartime military leaders with honorary doctorates at a special convocation on Feb. 21, 1947,* one of the best known of the names was overseas as military pandrum of occupied Japan. Setting the books in order, stately General of the Army **Douglas MacArthur**, whose son Arthur is a sophomore at Columbia College, dropped in on University President



DR. THEODORE HEUSS
On with the feast.

Grayson Kirk, at long last received his scroll and the purple-trimmed hood of a doctor of laws.

In the midst of a top-hole week—in which a family history, *The Churchills*, by Historian A. L. Rowse (TIME, May 12), drew critical tribute from British reviewers, and France offered him a high decoration (see FOREIGN NEWS)—Elder (83) Statesman **Sir Winston Churchill**, with cigar, cane and topper, plunked down in the middle of the Ascot paddock to keep an eye on his Tudor Monarch in the \$20,660 Gold Cup. Sourcing the big day, horse failed man as Tudor Monarch finished fourth behind the American-owned, Irish-trained mare Gladness.

In for the full hero's welcome, West Germany's President **Theodor Heuss** earnestly trundled about the country to

* Among those present: General Dwight Eisenhower, later (1942-52) president of Columbia.



MIKE TODD JR. & STEPMOTHER
Up with the chin.

New York (where he received an honorary L.H.D. from the New School's President **Dr. Hans Simons**, who attended Berlin's Hochschule für Politik with him some 40 years ago) from the Grand Canyon (which, in good statesmanlike fashion, he painted). Sampling the lighter side of U.S. life, Dr. Heuss bounced two miles in an old-fashioned buggy to a rodeo in Prescott, Ariz. (His comment: "I looked to see if they dressed the way cowboys do in the movies, but they dress better"), and in Williamsburg, Va., true to the colonial spirit, he draped himself in a yard-square bib for a roaring good feast at the King's Arms Tavern.

In a rare gesture of across-the-Curtain appreciation, the top-drawer Soviet Union Academy of Sciences awarded membership to 30 non-Russian scientists and scholars, including two Americans: Nobel prize-winning Caltech Chemist **Linus Pauling**, 57, vociferous foe of nuclear testing, and Biophysicist **Deflew W. Bronk**, three-term president of the National Academy of Sciences, former president of Johns Hopkins University. Named a corresponding member: brilliant, furtive Nuclear Physicist **Bruno Pontecorvo**, 44, who fled to the U.S.S.R. from Great Britain in 1950 with a vast knowledge of A-bomb research.

Making sure that U.S. newspapers noticed their annual convention in Portland next month, veterans of the island-hopping 1st Infantry Division issued a loud invitation to an old Pacific pal: Mrs. Iva Toguri D'Aquino, better known as the languid-toned Axis platter-puss, **Tokyo Rose**. Unperturbed by the fact that she would have to pay her own way from Chicago, Ex-Disk Jockey Rose said she would be interested—if some pesky federal deportation proceedings against her did not get in the way.



A winner! the bigger, faster

The new jet-prop Viscount II is now in regular service with Continental Air Lines. Here are some of the comments made by passengers: "What a beautiful plane . . . It's so roomy . . . Loved the lounge . . . Fastest flight I've ever taken . . . Wonderful big windows . . . It's so quiet inside . . . No vibration!"

The Viscount II is the *fastest* aircraft in its class. Powered by four big Rolls-Royce jet-prop engines, it cruises at 365 mph. smoothly, easily and without irritating noise or vibration.

All the comforts that made the original Viscount "the world's most *preferred* airliner" are built right into this sleek new Viscount. But that's not all! The interior of Continental's Viscount II has been custom-planned by Charles Butler—one of America's leading designers. And there's nothing to match it for roominess and modern good looks.

The new Viscount II has been developed out of more than *one million* hours of Viscount jet-prop know-how. No other new Jet Age airliner comes anywhere near matching this experience. It is des-

NEWEST FROM THE WORLD LEADER IN



Continental Air Lines reports immediate and enthusiastic passenger response from first Viscount II flights.

Jet-prop VISCOUNT II

tinged to lead the way not only as a passenger-pleaser, but as a profit-maker too. Because of its greater capacity, it will be even more economical to operate than the record-breaking earlier Viscounts.

The new Viscount II is one Jet Age airliner you don't have to wait for . . . it's in service today on Continental's Los Angeles, Denver, Colorado Springs, Kansas City and Chicago routes.

Vickers-Armstrongs (Aircraft) Ltd. • Weybridge, England • Member Company of the Vickers Group

You can now fly jet-prop Viscounts almost anywhere in North America . . . with Capital Airlines in the East, Continental Air Lines in the West, Trans-Canada Air Lines to Canada, Cubana to Cuba, TACA International Airlines to Central America, Eagle Aviation to Bermuda, BWIA to Nassau and the Caribbean. All Viscounts are powered by four Rolls-Royce jet-prop engines for smooth, swift flight.

JET-PROP AIRCRAFT . . .

VICKERS

TELEVISION & RADIO

Tale of a Script

"Our society is a man-eat-man thing on every possible level," says Writer Rod Serling, 33, and his tough uncompromising television plays (*Patterns*, *Requiem for a Heavyweight*, *The Comedian*) reflect this belief. So does his professional life. He has contended with networks, ad agencies and sponsors over what he could say, scrapped with directors over how to say it, become TV's most outspoken authority on the devious ways of television censorship. But short (5 ft. 3 in.) Author Serling is more in demand than

Serling, as a thinly veiled dramatization of the Till case. A précis of Serling's first effort was rejected by all but one of the sponsors; they would not lend their brand names or money to a treatment of racism that might prejudice Southern customers against their products.

Wearily, Serling set to work on a new script. He had been through all this before. In 1956, for the U.S. *Steel Hour*, he had written another play that roughly paralleled the Till tragedy and watched disgustedly as it changed by sponsor's edict. His summary: "Every word of dialogue that might be remotely 'Southern'

hushed over, the laundering was applied to whatever might cause Mexicans to take umbrage (deleted): "Mex." "enchiladad-eater," "bean-eaters," "greasy").

The result was far better than any one of the surgeons had a right to expect. Director John Frankenheimer caught the drought-tautened tension of the desert town. William Shatner was terrifyingly convincing as the rabble-raising shopkeeper bent on avenging his hurt pride. Steiger made the drunken sheriff both scruffy and appealing, as Serling intended.

Seldom has the hate-twisted face of prejudice been more starkly depicted. But the story dealt with symptoms, ventured only timidly into the shadowy causes of the disease. Admitted Author Serling himself: "I particularly did not like the staging and writing of the last act. It was overwritten." Retorted *Playhouse 90's* Producer Martin Manulis: "It was a great tribute to the ad agencies that they ever let this show go on the air!"

Goodbye, Doc

Ever since TV's first commercials, men in white have peered portentously into living rooms and assured viewers that all manner of products—patent medicines and dentifrices, cosmetics, drugs, and even cigarettes—are exactly what the doctor ordered. "For my patients, I recommend . . ." says one white-smocked huckster. As most viewers know but some do not, a genuine doctor or dentist is highly unlikely to risk his professional standing by engaging in such blatant commercialism. In perennial attacks on the phony pitchmen, the American Medical Association had long complained of these crass abuses. Last year the National Association of Broadcasters ordered that actors could go on impersonating scientific types only if the words "A Dramatization" were superimposed on the pitch for at least ten seconds. Advertisers obliged—but the caveat in print proved to have little meaning for most viewers, according to the N.A.B. Last week the N.A.B. again revised its code, in effect unrocked TV's men and women in white. Henceforth, ruled the N.A.B., all doctors, dentists or nurses appearing in commercials must really be doctors, dentists or nurses.

Chasing the Rainbow

Hailed as a prodigy, color TV is still a retarded child.

In the five years since its ballyhooed debut in 1953, only 325,000 sets have been sold, v. 10 million black-and-white sets in the comparable first five years of TV broadcasting. Color telecasting still averages only 1½ hours a day, nearly all of it done by NBC alone. And the quality leaves much to be desired, even in the hands of dedicated knob twiddlers.

In its embarrassment the industry generally maintains an uneasy silence rather than offering excuses or explanations. But last week it was easy to draw complaints and recriminations from all sides. The blasts had one thing in common: everybody blamed the other guy.

Setmakers blame the networks. "The most important reason for the lack of



ACTOR STEIGER, WRITER SERLING, PRODUCER MANULIS.
The struggle was man to man.

Bill Engvall

any other playwright in the TV business, was recently corralled by CBS on the fanciest terms ever offered a TV writer—\$100,000 apiece for three *Playhouse 90* scripts, 40% ownership in CBS's forthcoming science fiction series titled *Twilight Zone*, plus freedom to turn out four scenarios for M-G-M for \$250,000.

Suggestion of Veils. "Success is a terrible attack on your sense of values," admits onetime Paratrooper Serling. "You get teed off because the heater of your swimming pool doesn't work. But you've got to keep remembering that half of living is wanting." Last week Serling had more to fret over than his Hollywood pool. He, his sense of values and his *Playhouse 90* show called *A Town Has Turned to Dust* were in the eye of one of the wildest storms ever to batter a TV script.

Viewers who saw last week's production of *Town* could see little similarity between its story and the celebrated murder of Emmett Till, the 14-year-old Chicago Negro beaten and shot to death in Mississippi after he unwarily whistled at a white storekeeper's wife (*TIME*, Oct. 3 and Nov. 21, 1955). Yet *Town* began, through CBS's courageous suggestion to

in context was deleted or altered. A geographical change was made to a New England town. When it was ultimately produced its thesis had been diluted, and my characters had mounted a soapbox to shout something that had become too vague to warrant any shouting.

Face of Prejudice. In the current script, *Town's* locale was moved to "a small Southwestern town in the 1870s." Emmett Till became a romantic Mexican youth who loved the storekeeper's wife, but only "with his eyes." Throughout the 120-page script, network and sponsors (which include Allstate Insurance, American Gas & Electric, Bristol-Myers, Kimberly-Clark, Pillsbury Mills, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco) suggested changes. An earlier lynch victim was named Clemson; this was changed because South Carolina has an all-white college of that name. The ad agency for Allstate Insurance vetoed a suicide in the story. The ad agencies objected to the phrase "20 men in hoods"; it was changed to "in homemade masks," but Actor Rod Steiger slipped up and said "in hoods" anyway. After all possible aspects of the script that might offend religious or regional groups were

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New-type concrete paves the way to carefree trips, happy outings.

"Father knows best... this new-type, sound-conditioned concrete means more family fun and driving safety!"

Says **ROBERT YOUNG**, noted film actor, star of NBC-TV's "Father Knows Best"

"The going's smooth! No thumps on this continuous-laid concrete for the Interstate System. And they're building into these highways the kind of safety every family wants. Highway engineers tell me it can mean the saving of thousands of lives each year."

Pleasure trip? You've never had a ride so smooth and quiet. Laid a new way, this pavement has no joints... only tiny *sawed-in* cushion spaces you can't feel or hear.

And a process called "air entrainment" puts billions of microscopic bubbles into new-type concrete, prevents roughening from freezing or deicers. A specially designed subbase

keeps the pavement firm and level. Laid flat, this pavement *stays* flat.

And you feel so safe! New-type concrete has a grainy surface to give it dependable skid resistance. Its light color gives you far better visibility at night.

Designed to meet the Interstate System requirements for highways suited to 1975 traffic, this is literally the pavement of tomorrow... here today. It has an expected life of 50 years and more... with upkeep costs as much as 60% lower than for asphalt. Yet initial cost is moderate. That's why it's the preferred pavement for the interstate and defense network now under construction.



Over 118 million bags of cement were used in paving last year... enough to build a 4-lane superhighway, New York to Los Angeles.

NEW-TYPE

Concrete

PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION

A national organization to improve and extend the uses of concrete

color television sales is the selfish attitude—the public-be-damned attitude—of the money-hungry, profit-hungry television networks [which] have refused to make any really serious effort toward heavy color programming," said Admiral Corp. President Ross D. Siragusa recently.

The networks blame the setmakers and dealers. "If those manufacturers who complain about our poor programming would sell color sets as energetically as we program color, there would be no problem in getting color further off the ground," snapped NBC's President Robert Sarnoff. But Sarnoff was admittedly an interested witness, since RCA, NBC's parent company, makes nearly all the color sets sold, and has by far the largest investment in color's success. CBS, which has no such involvement, admits it is not boosting color at the moment, has in fact cut its color programs nearly in half in the last year. Explained CBS Vice President Richard S. Salant: "There's no public demand and no advertiser interest. Nobody gives a damn now. Suddenly, some day, color TV will blossom. We guessed wrong when we thought it would come much sooner." ABC has no color programs at all, and no plans to mount any in the near future.

Fluorescent Figures. In an all-out attempt to put their color operation in the black, RCA launched a major sales drive last year, is still carrying it on. Trade-in offers brought RCA's lowest-priced \$495 set down to \$399.95. As a result, sales of color sets are up 30% this year over the same period in 1957, while sales of black-and-white sets are off 16%. (Snorted one dealer: "Well, sure—this year they are selling three sets instead of two.")

But there is still little git-up-and-go for color among the other setmakers and many dealers. At least 95% of all color sets now being sold are RCAs. For a while, Motorola, General Electric, Admiral and Westinghouse were turning out

color sets with RCA tubes, but all have virtually discontinued commercial production. Says Westinghouse: "Color is apparently not enough of a novelty to sell." Philco, DuMont and General Electric are at work trying to develop a simplified "one-gun" tube that would be cheaper and produce a better picture than RCA's "three-gun" shadow-mask tube, but admit that success is not yet in sight.

Appliance dealers run the range from the hardest sort of sell (southern California in particular) to the attitude expressed by a Manhattan salesman: "I wouldn't sell a color set to my worst enemy. They're just too much trouble for what they cost and what they deliver."

Present color service contracts cost a discouraging \$99.50 for the first year, \$119 for the second. (Either annual outlay will buy a portable black-and-white set.) Color set owners must acclimate themselves to times when faces suddenly go green or saffron, figures bloom with fluorescence, and backgrounds become crimes against nature or interior decoration. With amazing difficulty, most color set owners accept these hazards uncomplicatedly. Some even boast of learning how to tune their sets as a real accomplishment: color tuning was an intricate, five-dial operation on RCA's earlier sets. Is now somewhat simplified as a three-dial maneuver. Said one Connecticut set owner: "After a while you get used to it."

Noisy Stampede. If color sets could instantly be made much cheaper (they cannot be until genuine mass production is warranted), the public would doubtless snap them up without waiting for more color programs. If substantially more color shows were beamed at home screens (only NBC plans to do so this year), many more buyers would probably surrender to the present high prices. But advertisers will not invest up to 20% more money for color production until they can count on a bigger audience.

The industry dreams aloud of a breakthrough when 1,000,000 color sets will be in use. When that great day comes, the industry believes that black-and-white TV will gradually be trampled into oblivion by the noisy stampede of setmakers, networks, advertisers and public toward the elusive rainbow.

They've Got a Secret

Every few years, it seems, somebody wandering in a deep forest comes across a bearded old hermit who asks whether Prohibition was ever repealed or whether William Jennings Bryan ever got elected President of the U.S. Last week the House Un-American Activities Committee, investigating Communist infiltration in the entertainment industry, flushed a covey of even odder birds. They were hermitically behind the times but they had been living in high-rent Manhattan apartments rather than wilderness caves. There was not a single white beard or counsillor camp among them: they were well-dressed, prosperous and seemingly very up to date. Chief specimens:

Charles S. Dubin, 39, high-y paid director of NBC-TV's *Twenty-One* quiz show



EX-DIRECTOR CHARLES DUBIN
A remarkable medical fact.

and a summer replacement, *The Investigator*, denied current membership in the Communist Party, but refused to say whether he was a member before May 8, the day the committee first questioned him in a closed-door session, NBC promptly dumped Director Dubin as "unacceptable."

Joseph Papp, ne Papirofsky, 37, floor manager for *I've Got a Secret* and other CBS-TV programs, founder and producer of New York City's nonprofit Shakespeare Festival, balked at saying whether he was a party member before February 1955. CBS fired him.

James D. Proctor, 50, pressagent for Broadway Producer Kermit (*The Music Man*) Bloomgarden, drew an even finer line than Dubin's. He said he was not a Communist Party member that day, but he dodged behind the Fifth Amendment when asked whether he had been a member two days earlier.

Israel Lazar, also known as William Lawrence, 54, sometime manager of the now extinct *Daily Worker*, was identified by ex-Communist Witness John Lautner as head of a Communist Party "cultural division" that directed and coordinated the work of secret Reds in the entertainment industry. Lazar refused to confirm or deny anything.

A total of 17 witnesses, mostly actors, directors and musicians, refused to make it clear whether they were or recently had been Communists. The whole batch together proved that the frenetic blacklisting by *Red Channels*, much criticized for its scatter-gun damage to innocent bystanders, had also scored some clean misses. They also proved a remarkable medical fact: it is still possible in mid-1958, after Korea, after Hungary, after the Kremlin's own post-Stalin confessions, for an apparently sophisticated U.S. citizen to be, or at least make noises that sound very much like, a Communist or a fellow traveler.



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THE PRESS

Death of a Reporter

"The fastest mind with which I have ever come in contact," said President Woodrow Wilson. "Probably the most charming extravert in the Western world," marveled a rival editor. Ebullient, egocentric, suave and unflaggingly dynamic, Herbert Bayard Swope stood splendidly apart in an era of splendid individualists. As reporter, foreign correspondent and executive editor on the famed New York *World*—Swope gave a glamorous flair to the incisive, personalized brand of U.S. journalism that flourished before World War I and stretched into the '20s.

Son of a prosperous watchcase manufacturer, Swope grew up in St. Louis, passed up college to get a look at Europe, came back to the U.S. to bounce from Pulitzer's St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* to the Chicago *Tribune* to the New York *Herald* before settling down in 1909 as a reporter for the *World*. There he soon became one of the best reporters in a Manhattan galaxy of byliners that included Irvin Cobb, Frank Ward O'Malley and Richard Harding Davis. Herbert Swope's unique asset: overwhelming personal charm. Said an envious New York *Telegraph* reporter: "He finds out who is the principal source of information, and proceeds to fascinate that person. He will not let the victim go until he has coughed up all he knows."

Confirmed by History. Swope's beats for the *World* were often as highhanded as they were spectacular. Covering Europe in 1914, he charmed the German high command into letting him break the news that the submarine U-9 had sunk three British battleships ("the greatest setback the British navy has ever suffered"). So dazzled by Swope was James W. Gerard, U.S. Ambassador to Germany, that he disclosed confidential reports that Germany planned to launch submarine attacks against U.S. ships. Swope's story was promptly denied by the State Department, promptly confirmed by history.

Back in Germany in 1916, Swope gathered material for a series of articles analyzing the nation's war effort that won him the first Pulitzer Prize for reporting. When he was barred from the Versailles Peace Conference in 1919, Swope grandly donned top hat and cutaway coat, brushed past deferential guards with the explanation that he was a delegate from Liberia, and came out with the hitherto unpublished League of Nations Covenant. Said he: "All I can say for publication is that I found it lying on a table in the meeting room."

Dictum & Dry Rot. In 1920, with the backing of Ralph Pulitzer, who became the *World's* publisher on his father's death in 1911, Swope knocked out a few partitions to make himself a suitably imposing office, brought in the first rugs ever seen on the twelfth floor of the *World* building on Park Row, and hung on the door a

brand-new title of his own devising: Executive Editor.

From then on, Editor Frank I. Cobb ran the editorial page and Swope ran the *World*. Though the great Joseph Pulitzer had been dead for nine years, the *World* was still shaped to his image: cocky, crusading, colorful. Swope and the *World* were well matched. A solid six-footer with a thatch of red hair, Swope stalked grandly through the city room swinging his massive walking stick, peering at his staffers through a tiny pince-nez, and driving home his dictum: "Pick out the best story



Associated Press

NEWSMAN SWOPE

"Give them blood in the eye."

of the day and then hammer the living hell out of it."

Swope started the *World's* famous "op. ed.," a page facing the editorials, and made it a showcase for a distinguished set of columnists: Heywood Broun, Franklin P. Adams, Alexander Woollcott, Laurence Stallings, Deems Taylor. He directed the investigations of the Ku-Klux Klan and peonage on Southern plantations that won the *World* Pulitzer Prizes. He took a proprietary interest in the news: "Who's covering my murder trial? Who's covering my snowstorm?" He told reporters: "Don't forget that the only two things people read in a story are the first and last sentences. Give them blood in the eye on the first one." He could be coldly disdainful. Sniffed he: "I never fired a man in my life. If I couldn't do anything with a man, I just ignored him until he reformed or died of dry rot."

End of the World. But as the '20s drew on, both the *World* and Swope got weary. Under Pulitzer's sons Ralph and Herbert, the *World* gradually lost ground to the *Times* and the *Herald Tribune*. In 1929 Swope finally quit. Two years later, Pulitzer's sons broke their father's will,



An experiment . . . in chemistry and in education too. Peter Owzarski (left) was encouraged by his high school teachers to take college courses in chemistry after they found his interest in this field had prepared him for advanced work. Now he attends his high school in the morning, college in the afternoon. Peter is enrolled in chemistry courses on the Wausau campus of University of Wisconsin's Extension Division. Dr. Samuel Weiner (center) guides this brilliant young man in his advanced courses.



The Science Fair at Wausau Senior High School was an impressive part of my visit. On their own time, some 900 or more boys and girls had prepared 700 scientific exhibits. The projects covered everything from nutrition to seismographs . . . even a walking-talking mechanical man made out of stove pipes and tin cans. Beverly Geske tells me this is the school's fourth annual fair under the direction of Mr. Ben Berg.

Thomas Alva Edison's motto is used to
measure a community's aims and achievements

Wausau Story

by **MAX MCGRAW**, President of McGraw-Edison Company
Vice President of The Thomas Alva Edison Foundation, Inc.

"You've heard Mr. Edison's motto: 'There's a way to do it better—find it.' Those words have always meant a lot to me, yet I know they are not easy to follow.

"I found that out when I was a boy. I got fourteen of my friends to join me in setting up a telegraph circuit between our homes. We had to string up eight miles of wire. Then we had to learn the Morse Code.

"It was worthwhile though. When you're in pursuit of a better way, the reward is in the challenge as well as the achievement. When I was in Wausau recently, I felt the community was aware of this. I visited schools. I talked to business men and found the same spirit. Many of you know this. You've done business with Employers Mutuals of Wausau. They're known as 'good people to do business with'. Their aims and achievements prove they deserve this reputation."

Employers Mutuals thanks Mr. McGraw for visiting us in Wausau. Employers Mutuals, with offices all across the country, writes all forms of fire, group and casualty insurance (including automobile). We are one of the largest in the field of workmen's compensation. Our business is growing and we need more people to help us—especially in our sales department. If you are interested in career opportunities with Employers Mutuals' nation-wide organization, write to C. E. Smith, Sales Manager, Employers Mutuals of Wausau in Wausau, Wisconsin.

Employers Mutuals of Wausau



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THE WORLD OVER



which stipulated that the *World* should never be sold, turned over the paper to Scripps-Howard for \$5,000,000. (The name survives as the New York *World-Telegram and Sun*.)

After 1929 Herbert Swope's life seemed a kind of wondrously sustained afterglow. He still held court at Manhattan's "21" Club, still darted down to Washington to offer unsolicited but hortatory advice to Presidents—notably Franklin D. Roosevelt. He turned his awesome energy to charities and humanitarianism (Freedom House, National Conference of Christians and Jews), made a pile in the stock market, served as a CBS director, and worked as an unpaid assistant to Bernard Baruch on the U.N.'s Atomic Energy Commission. He was still a conspicuous figure at any major race meeting (disgruntled *World* staffers had always grumbled that he edited from the track), and when New York State legalized betting in 1934, Swope became chairman of the State Racing Commission.

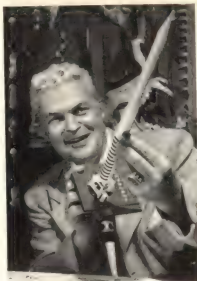
"Perfect!" In his estate at Sands Point, L.I., Swope fussed over three generations of his family (two children, four grandchildren) and presided grandly at some of the wittiest dinner parties in the nation. No foreign dignitary could say he had been a success in the U.S. until he had been to Sands Point to play a round of big-league croquet against such guests as Averell Harriman, the Marx brothers, William Randolph Hearst Jr. or Swope's late elder brother Gerard, onetime president and board chairman of General Electric. On the croquet court Swope was insufferable: "Now you put your little foot on your ball and drive the other buckety-buckety off into the orchard. Perfect!"

"I'm still a newspaperman at heart," Swope used to say. "I'd rather be remembered as a good reporter than anything else in the world." Last week, when he died in a Manhattan hospital at 76, of pneumonia after surgery, his oldtime rivals, the *Times* and *Herald Tribune*, remembered him mainly for being, in the words of former *World* City Editor James W. Barrett, "the best reporter not only on the *World*, but in the whole wide world."

Passing the Buck

Space cannot hamper nor ray gun faze his hero Buck Rogers, but last week Cartoonist Rick Yager admitted that he had surrendered to one of the lowest of earth-bound weapons: his editor's blue pencil. "Too much editing, too much criticism—I just couldn't create any more," explained Yager, whose last drawings for the National Newspaper Syndicate will be published this Sunday. Retorted the syndicate's President Robert Dille: "We're happy he quit."

Dille wanted Yager to plan his adventures well ahead, submit proofs in advance, stick to "scientific probability," and cut out flighty nonsense, e.g., mistmen who appear and disappear at will. "We argued and talked about it," said Dille, "and, believe me, there are times when a syndicate president would like to put an artist into orbit."



SPACEMAN YAGER
Artist in ellipse.

Cartoonist Yager, 46, is now negotiating with three syndicates on a new spaceman comic strip that he thinks will make *Buck Rogers* seem as obsolete as a cave-man. "Buck Rogers' day is here," explained Yager. "So now a fellow has to think up things the scientists haven't got yet." In the divorce, National Newspaper Syndicate kept custody of *Buck Rogers* himself, who was created 29 years ago by Dille's father and taken over by Yager alone only in 1948. Dille will continue to peddle Buck's 25th century adventures to the post-Sputnik boom market of 154 U.S. dailies (*TIME*, Feb. 24). The new artist who will learn to live with President Dille's blue pencil: Murphy Anderson, longtime space-fiction cartoonist.



SPACEMAN ROGERS
Hero in eclipse?

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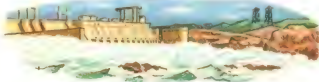
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SCIENCE

28 Million Who Pass

A glance tells that many Americans who are classified as Negro have plenty of European "blood"; white people with Negro blood are harder to distinguish. Their African genes may not affect their appearance and they usually do not know that some of their ancestors "passed." In the *Ohio Journal of Science*, Sociologist Robert P. Stuckert of Ohio State University attempts to estimate how many white Americans have some African ancestry.

Using a complicated mathematical method, Dr. Stuckert constructs a "genetic probability table" that shows the changing composition of the population since 1750. To do this he assumes that "the probability of persons classified as white mating with persons classified as Negro is one-twentieth of what would be expected if mating were random." In a population with 90% white and 10% Negro, for example, the probability of mixed matings works out at 9 per 1,000. Dr. Stuckert admits that this figure cannot be exact, but he says it agrees with many sociological studies. His other figures (e.g., immigration and natural increase of Negroes and whites) are much firmer.

When Dr. Stuckert has constructed his table for each census year, he reaches the conclusion that of 135 million Americans classified as white in 1950, about 28 million (21%) had some African ancestry. Of the 15 million classified as Negro, slightly more than 4,000,000 (27%) were of pure African descent. During 1941-50, he estimates, about 155,000 Negroes moved into the white category.

Dr. Stuckert's estimates can be attacked in detail, but sociology offers little comfort to white Americans who try to maintain that a single African ancestor, however remote, makes a man Negro. About 60 generations have passed since the heyday of the Roman Empire; so an American of European ancestry is descended from 2⁶⁰ (1,152,921,504,606,846,076) ancestors at the time of the Emperor Hadrian. This immense figure is not to be taken literally, but it surely means that people with ancestors who lived in the Roman Empire, including England and part of Germany, are descended from a broad cut of the empire's population.

The Roman Empire had no color line, and streams of people moved through it for centuries in every direction. Africans, including those with Negro ancestry, fought in the legions, traveled as merchants or seamen. Everywhere they went they left their immortal genes; so few white Americans can claim to have none of them, and none can prove it.

Deflected Thrust

Latest entry in the VTOL (Vertical take-off and landing) competition is the Bell X-14, which achieves vertical flight in a horizontal flying attitude by means of a Venetian blind. The X-14 has two Armstrong Siddeley jet engines that give



Test Diagram by R. M. Chapin, Jr.

more than 3,500 lbs. of thrust, their hot gas shooting out horizontally under the fuselage. When the X-14 is rigged to take off vertically, a system of vanes like a Venetian blind deflects the gas downward. The thrust, acting upward, lifts the craft off the ground.

During this maneuver, the normal control surfaces do not work because there is no flow of air over them, so their job is done by rotating compressed air nozzles. One of them in the tail controls pitch. Two more, one on each wing tip, take care of roll and yaw. The X-14 can hover indefinitely at any level, supported by the deflected thrust of its engines and balanced by its nozzles. When the pilot wants to fly horizontally, he merely adjusts the Venetian blind so that the gas stream from the engines shoots directly astern. Then the X-14 flies like an ordinary jet plane, supported by the lift of its wings and controlled by its conventional ailerons and tail surfaces.

The first complete transition from vertical to horizontal flight and back again was accomplished by Bell Aircraft Corp. at Niagara Falls on May 24, when Test Pilot David W. Howe lifted the X-14 vertically off the runway. He hovered for a few seconds, then flew horizontally at 160 m.p.h. Returning to the airport, he came to a full stop ten feet off the ground, made a 180° hovering turn, and settled down on the surface.

Many details of the X-14, which was developed for the Air Force, are still secret. Bell will not say how much weight

the deflected thrust will lift off the ground, but the company is confident that in the reasonably near future large aircraft, both civil and military, will be equipped with vanes and nozzles for vertical operation from small airports.

Gallic Harvester

In ancient Roman times most labor-saving machines were human slaves, whose feelings about monotonous labor did not count. One of the few exceptions was a device that Pliny the Elder (23-79 A.D.) said was used to harvest grain on the great estates of Roman Gaul. It had, he said, a large frame fitted with teeth and carried on two wheels. When pushed through ripe wheat by a pair of oxen, the toothed frame tore the heads from the stalks and collected them in a box.

Pliny did not say how well the Gallic harvester worked (probably not well), and few other classical authors even mentioned it. No contemporary drawing of it was known, and there was a fair possibility that it might have been only as real as some other items in Pliny, such as people in India who have only one foot and sometimes use it as a parasol.⁶ But last week an ancient carving was proving that the Gallic harvester really existed, just about as Pliny described it.

For six years Belgian Archaeologist Edmond Fousse has been excavating Roman and pre-Roman ruins near the village of Buzenol in southern Belgium. Three weeks ago his workers came on a wall of stone blocks apparently taken from a monument built in the 1st or 2nd century A.D. and made into a fortification. Many of them are carved, showing scenes of ancient provincial life. On one of them are a man and woman holding hands. Nude dancers gambol across another.

The prize block, which has just been cleaned of its incrustations, shows the debated Gallic harvester. It has two wheels and a comb of teeth, just as Pliny said, and a box to catch the heads of grain. In front, carrying a shovel-like implement, is a laborer. The only important deviation from the Pliny version is that the motive power appears to be a mule instead of oxen.



STONE CARVING IN BELGIUM
Pliny was right.

⁶ The grain of truth in this story may be the tribesmen in the southern Sudan and elsewhere who still stand on one foot with the other nut held flat against the shin.

Soon, from below the surface of any ocean in the world, an atomic submarine, powered by a Westinghouse reactor,* will be able to release the 1500-mile ballistic missile, Polaris, whose launching system is being developed by Westinghouse.

*Designed and developed for the A.E.C. and the U.S. Navy

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—Rear Admiral W. R. Raborn, Seapower Symposium,
Washington, D. C., April 11, 1958



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EDUCATION

Hymning Harvard's Sons

From the first class of young divines who went forth in 1632 to enlighten their congregations, Harvard College exerted an uncommon influence on the growing colonies, and John Langdon Sibley, Harvard librarian from 1856-77, was keenly aware of the record. But where, he once wrote distressedly, "was that record of this intellectual and moral power, which during more than two centuries, had been going out from the walls of Harvard?" Determined that not one whit of *Veritas* be lost to the future, Sibley resolved to write such a record. His project: to write a biographical sketch of every man who ever



CLIFFORD SHIPTON
At least one of the elect . . .

went to Harvard. Serenely oblivious to the Malthusian truth that Harvard men beget sons who go to Harvard, and that a long, geometric progression of begats had already outbegotten his best efforts to catch up, Historian Sibley set to work. He was confident, he wrote, that although his research might turn up "cases of iniquity which may have escaped punishment," it would nevertheless show the "worth and influence" of Harvard graduates.

In *American Heritage*, Rene Kuhn Bryant records Sibley's labors. His first volume a record of "strange experience in childhood, brave struggles to obtain an education, of virtue and heroism under temptations of wealth and worldly honor," appeared in 1873; his second in 1881. Ailing and past 70, he draped himself in a shawl, wore three pairs of spectacles at once to help his dimming eyesight, and continued burrowing through the archives of the Massachusetts Historical Society. In 1885 he published a third volume, completing the biographies through the class of 1639. He died the same year, but Li-

brarian Sibley was too dedicated a man to let his own death interfere with his life's work. From his underweight salary—never more than \$2,000 a year—and some shrewd investments, he had scraped together an impressive estate that, by his wife's death in 1902, had swelled to \$161,160. His will directed that it be given in trust to the Historical Society to continue the project.

Rare Youth. Work lapsed for 47 years. In 1932 Clifford Kenyon Shipton, a young Harvardman then teaching history at Brown, was hired to take over, has been at it ever since. At first he estimated that he could bring the biographies up to the class of 1800 in his lifetime, then revised his hopes downward to the classes of the Revolution. Now, at 55, he figures to hymn the sons of Harvard through 1765, the year of the Stamp Act. Progress so far: seven more volumes and part of the eighth, extending Sibley's sketches to the class of 1744.

Members of Harvard's first class included Henry Saltonstall, son of the founder of the Massachusetts clan, and Sir George Downing, who signed on as a ship's schoolmaster after graduation, arrived in England and soon became a confidential operative for Cromwell. His historical distinctions: he built the street on which Britain's Prime Ministers live, and a clerk in his office, Samuel Pepys, made sarcastic references to him in his diary.

An early graduate (class of 1636) was grim-souled Increase Mather, who entered Harvard at twelve, preached a sermon so forcefully six years later that his son Cotton recorded, "The whole Auditory were greatly Affected with *Light and Flame*, in which the *Rare Youth* Appeared unto them." Of Increase's spiritual torment, Cotton wrote: "The more *Early Years* of his Ministry were Embittered unto him, with such Furious & Boisterous Temptations unto *Atheism*, as were Intolerable . . . Vile Suggestions and Injections, tending to question the Being of God, were shot at him as *Fiery Darts* from the *Wicked One*." As a Harvardman should, Increase rejected Old Horny with "all possible Detestation . . . Thus he tired out his adversary, and the Devil, being so Resisted, anon fled from him . . ."

Conniving with the Devil. If a man did not win his battle with the Devil in those days, his neighbors might win it for him. The Rev. George Burroughs (class of 1707), pastor at Salem Village, made himself unpopular by trying to collect his back salary, was accused of witchcraft and convicted. Among the charges: "He was a Puny man, yet he had often done things beyond the strength of a Giant . . . Only putting the Forefinger into the Muzzle of a heavy Fowling piece [he] did lift up the Gun, and hold it out at Arms length." (On the scaffold, asked if he had anything to say, Burroughs used his rhetorical training to discuss why his captors should let him go. He made quite an impression, Sibley records, nevertheless became the only

Harvardman to be executed for conniving with the Devil. Reason: Cotton Mather (class of 1678), also trained in rhetoric, convinced the Salemites that hanging Burroughs was the will of God.

Among graduates who ranked first in their professions was Thomas Bell (class of 1734) who according to one account "excelled in low art and cunning. His mind was totally debased, and his whole conduct betrayed a soul capable of descending to every species of iniquity. In all the arts of theft, robbery, fraud, deception and defamation, he was so deeply skilled, and so thoroughly practiced, that it is believed he never had his equal in this country." Harvardman Bell, Shipton reports a little shamefacedly, eventually went straight after a life of boodling, but "may have been the Tom Bell who was



COTTON MATHER
Culver Service
... were the old school noose.

hanged for piracy at Kingston, Jamaica in 1771."

Fired for Drinking. But Harvard, in spite of Bell, did not neglect spiritual matters in the 18th century. Josiah Crocker (class of 1738), although fined for drinking at college, went on to become a preacher of such power that "old women were affrighted into fits of confusion" by his sermons, and one listener, a slave, was filled with "such distress that it took three men to hold him." His orations were accompanied by "loud Screamings, wringing of Hands, and Floods of Tears . . . and some cried out with Terror." Crocker was especially effective with young people, and he wrote happily that "their merry Meetings were turned into praying and singing Assemblies, their vain foolish and frothy Conversation into religious and experimental Discourse." But Crocker "was not, as he ought to have been, a thorough Temperance man," and he was fired from his Taunton, Mass. pastorate for drinking too much.

Shipton mentions that, like Crocker,

ONE SCOTCH STANDS OUT

The lighter...drier
...smoother Scotch

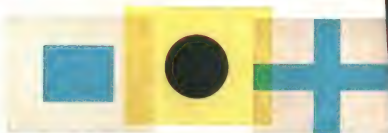
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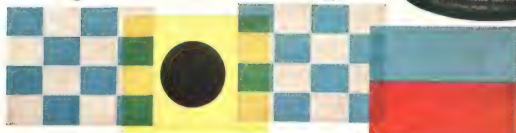
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MUSIC

Samuel Adams (class of 1740) was fined for drinking. But although Shipton confidently expects the biographical project to continue forever, members of the class of 1958 may breathe easily. At the present rate of writing (25 to 50 biographies a year), their deeds are not likely to be recorded for another 2,774 to 5,548 years.

Kudos

Bard College

Cyrus Eaton, industrialist L.L.D.
Henry M. Wriston, president emeritus, Brown University L.L.D.
John Kenneth Galbraith, economist and author L.L.D.

Hobart and William Smith Colleges

Walter L. ("Red") Barber, Sports broadcaster L.H.D.

Citation: "You, sir, have planted talents in a broadcasting booth and reaped them for mankind."

Northwestern University

Barnaby Conrad Keeney, president, Brown University L.L.D.
Lee Alvin DuBridge, president, California Institute of Technology L.L.D.

Princeton University

Maurice Pate, executive director, U.N. Children's Fund Doctor of Philanthropy

Citation: "Samaritan to the suffering, inveterate foe to all famine . . . he has mightily worked, carrying the benison of milk and bread to . . . the world's undernourished children."

John Nash Douglas Bush, English professor, Harvard Litt.D.

Citation: "Cultivator of the gardens of the mind, himself the very bud and bloom of humanistic learning, he follows Socrates in having taken as his *modus operandi* the emulous pursuit of all that is most excellent. We who in turn follow him are thankful that like his miraculous namesake in *Exodus*, though this Bush has long burned with the fiery ardor of true scholarship, yet has he not been consumed."

Tsung-Dao Lee and Chen Ning Yang, 1957 co-winners of the Nobel prize in physics Sc.D.

Citation: "Castor and Pollux of theoretical physics."

Chien-Shiung Wu, physicist, collaborator of Drs. Lee and Yang Sc.D.

Citation: "As Helen of Troy, renowned sister of Castor and Pollux, proved the unwisdom of underestimating the powers of woman, so Dr. Wu . . . has clearly earned the right to be called the foremost female experimental physicist . . ."

William Clyde Friday, president, University of North Carolina L.L.D.

Citation: "A true Southerner by birth . . . a veritable triumph among the Tarheels . . ."

Springfield College

Bonnie Prudden, physical fitness instructor Master of Humanities

By Ark & Rocket

The weighty oaken doors of the Norman church of St. Bartholomew in Oxford, England swung open with a groan, and out ran a small boy wearing the head of a mouse. After him tumbled a lion, a camel, an owl and an ass. Their capers among the tombstones scarcely drew a second glance from the local citizens, for everybody recognized them as the star performers of the Aldeburgh Festival's current star attraction: Benjamin Britten's eagerly awaited new music drama, *Noye's Fludde*.

The work did not tax Composer Britten's creative powers. *Noye's Fludde*

eleison," and the orchestra launched with a crash into cymbal-punctuated storm music that reached its climax in a beautifully descanted chorus of *Eternal Father*. As the storm subsided, the cast climbed back to the stage singing a four-part Britten *Alleluia*, fitted out singing Thomas Tallis' *The Spacious Firmament on High*.

Composer Britten, a resident of Aldeburgh (pop. 2,689), likes to write for children—"They find my idiom easier than grownups do, and they don't argue with me. You never find a child saying, 'That note should be F natural.'" He recruited his 5- to 17-year-old chorus from three neighboring schools, gave them three months to learn their lines and six weeks



ARK PASSENGERS IN BRITTEN'S "NOYE'S FLUDDE"
God was unfortunately visible.

(Noah's Flood) is a 14th century miracle play that Britten set to music by stitching in three oldtime hymns, including the Rev. John Bacchus Dykes's powerful *Eternal Father, Strong to Save*. The original text, retained by Britten in all its zany Middle English splendor, closely follows the Biblical tale of Noah, with the startling exception that Mrs. Noah is portrayed as a drunken old bawd, unwilling to enter the ark without her unsavory bevy of gossips.

As staged last week in St. Bartholomew's nave, *Fludde* opened with a roll of drums and a booming threat of destruction from God: "I see my people in deede and thoughte are sette full fowle in synne!" (God, unfortunately visible behind the organ, was a large fat man in a blue lounge suit.) While Noah and his sons built an ark (it was carried onstage by an assortment of blue-smocked prop men). Mrs. Noah stood aside and jeered (moaned Noah: "Lord that women be crabbed ay!"). The "animals"—a chorus of 70 children—marched two by two into the ark caroling "Kyrie, Kyrie, Kyrie

to learn the music. What impressed him even more than their musical aptitude was their anxiety to please. Early in the rehearsal period, he spotted a small boy wearing a duck label, asked him if he could quack. "No," said the boy solemnly, "but I'm double-jointed."

While Noah and family were constructing their ark last week, a crew of ballet dancers in goggles and aprons was busy on a Boston stage, pounding together a Victorian-styled spaceship for a nostalgic trip to the moon. The occasion: the U.S. premiere of Jacques Offenbach's minor operetta *Voyage to the Moon*, based on Jules Verne's yarn. First performed in Paris in 1875, Offenbach's *Voyage* caused a momentary sensation among premature space bugs, then disappeared from the repertory and has rarely been seen since. The story, as revived by the newly formed Boston Opera Group, concerns one Prince Caprice of the Kingdom of Flambeau, who persuades the nation's top scientist, Dr. Blastoff, to design him a moon rocket

with plush upholstery, an anchor at its stern, gaily-blinking lights and signal flags. This vehicle was trundled off the Boston Public Garden's stage last week and sent moonward with a bang, a yellow flash and an ominous puff of smoke. From there on, with the help of a first-rate cast (Tenors Norman Kelley and David Lloyd, Bass Baritone Donald Gramm, Sopranos Adelaide Bishop and Lorena Spence), the opera worked its way to the moon and back, picking up a Purple People Eater as it went along.

Postman Rings Twice

American composer to watch: Wisconsin-born Lee Hoiby, 33, whose first opera, *The Scarf*, had its premiere last week at the Festival of Two Worlds in Spoleto (TIME, June 23). Based on a Chekhov short story, the opera tells of a Circelike enchantress who sits in an isolated farmhouse on blizzard nights and without the knowledge of her aging husband, lures in passing bucks with a wave of her crimson scarf, symbolizing her occult powers. After a postman spends the night, the husband rebels; the wife silences him by strangling him with her scarf.

At Spoleto last week, the postman rang the bell twice—both as to libretto (by Poet Harry Duncan) and music. Composer Hoiby's score was deft, dramatic, highly descriptive, reminiscent of Gian Carlo Menotti, who taught Hoiby at Philadelphia's Curtis Institute. The opera had tension as well as lyric elasticity, especially when the postman-lover fell into a charmed sleep by the fire and the wife sang a lulling incantation. With both audience and critics, Composer Hoiby scored a clean hit. Said Rome's daily *Il Messaggero*: "It is impossible to doubt Hoiby's musical quality . . . The vitality of Chekhov could not be caught better than this."

New Records

One of the most prolific composers in the recent history of opera was British-born (of French descent) Piano Virtuoso Eugène d'Albert. In a career otherwise occupied with six marriages, teaching and lucrative concert tours, he managed to compose 20 musical melodramas, ending with a preposterous oriental olio called *Mr. Wu* that he left unfinished when he died in 1932. Most of his concoctions were unqualified flops, partly because Composer d'Albert had difficulty deciding whose horn he was tooting—Puccini's or Richard Strauss's. The only currently heard remnant of his life's work is *Tiefland* (1903). Often played in Germany and occasionally produced in the U.S., it has now been painstakingly embalmed by Epic on 2 LPs.

The libretto tells of a simple shepherd who descends from the Pyrenees into the worldly "Tiefland" (the Lowland) to marry his master's doxy. When he mistakenly suspects that his bride's inclination is still to the manor bed, he at first considers stabbing her, later hits on the happier solution of strangling the landowner and loping back to the hills with his wife in



COMPOSER D'ALBERT
Was he Strauss or Puccini?

his arms. This tale is set to an expansive, thickly melodic score which rarely bears any relation to the frenzies on stage but occasionally strikes some fine Straussian and Puccinian sparks. Recorded by a top-notch cast (including Dutch Soprano Gré Brouwenstijn, Tenor Hans Hopf, Baritone Paul Schöffler, Bass Oskar Czerwenka), the album provides opera buffs with a rare look at a gifted but remote composer.

Other new records:

Rossini: The Barber of Seville (Maria Callas, Tito Gobbi, Luigi Alva, Nicola Zaccaria, Fritz Ollendorff; Philharmonia Orchestra and Chorus conducted by Alceo Galliera; Angel, 3 LPs). Callas' adroitly wowed Rossini strikes a precarious balance between bubbly naiveté and a subliminal Latin wisdom as shrewd as a fishwife's eye. The Callas voice is in soaring form, buttressed by Baritone Gobbi's smooth, superbly flexible rendering of the role of Figaro and Bass Zaccaria's sumptuous, tomfoolish Basilio. Conductor Galliera provides the coherence and dramatic drive necessary to Rossini's comic frenzy.

Hindemith: Concert Music for Piano, Brass and Two Harps; Concerto for Orchestra (Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra; Decca). Composer Paul Hindemith himself conducts two samples from transitional points (1930 and 1935) in his career. *Concert Music* plays sounding brasses against whispering harps and a trip-hammered piano in a mood of agitated melancholy; *Concerto* opens with the full orchestra piling forward over chiseling strings at a martial trot that is remarkable for its sheer momentum and verve. Neither piece is vintage Hindemith, but both are expert, sophisticated and full of orchestral surprises.

Riegger: Symphony No. 4 (University of Illinois Symphony Orchestra conducted by Bernard Goodman; U. of Illinois Recording Series). One of the most consistently experimental of U.S. composers

in a typically dissonant and percussive vein. The slow movement, taken from a dance score composed in 1936 for Martha Graham, is more loosely stitched and considerably less appealing than the rest of the work, but Composer Wallingford Riegger winds matters up in bold fashion with a striding, Western-flavored theme as muscularly rambunctious as an unfettered bull.

Orff: Der Mond (Rudolf Christ, Hans Hotter, Karl Schmitt-Walter, Helmut Graml, Paul Kuén, Peter Lagger; the Philharmonia Orchestra and Chorus conducted by Wolfgang Sawallisch; Angel, 2 LPs). German Composer Carl Orff's second opera (1938) is a modern retread of the Grimm fairy tale about four villagers who steal the moon from neighbors, carry it to their graves, finally lose it to St. Peter, who hangs it in the sky to light "the men who still wait in the little garden of the earth." The fragmented, intermittently lyrical score contains snatches of gut-bucket jazz and such unorthodox sonorities as a chorus singing through megaphones, a shrieking oscillator, an accompaniment of organ, harmonium, piano, celesta and wind machine. This occasionally blurred performance has its strongly moving moments, but many listeners may feel that Composer Orff's moon has set before it has fairly risen.

Serge Prokofiev (the composer at the piano, with the London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Piero Coppola; Angel). This new entry in Angel's "Great Recordings of the Century" series presents Prokofiev's own performance of his *Third Concerto* as he recorded it in London in 1932. Pianist Prokofiev sails through the familiar, exhilarating, gently ironic music with a rock-sure rhythmic stride, a springy touch and a tone that can melt or soar into green lyrical fancies.

Irmgard Seefried Sings (accompanied by Erik Werba; Decca). Schumann's *Fräulein und Leben* and nine songs by Mozart sung with grace, liquid power and a rainbow of colorations that few singers can match. With a fine dramatic sense to match her voice, Soprano Seefried makes this one of the year's most appealing recorded song recitals.

Rossini: Le Comte Ory (Sari Barabas, Cora Canne-Meijer, Juan Oncina, Michel Roux; the Glyndebourne Festival Orchestra and Chorus conducted by Vittorio Gui; Angel, 2 LPs). "A collection of diverse beauties," said Berlioz of Rossini's next-to-last opera, "which would make the fortune not of one but of two or three operas." The melodic beauties are there in full measure, as this first recording of *Le Comte* demonstrates, but linked together they constitute not three operas but a splintered fragment of one. The work has some rich ensemble climaxes and some rippling solo parts, but after one and a half acts of inspired buffoonery about a predatory count and a lovesick countess, the opera degenerates into a downhill scramble toward a baldly telescoped ending. The sporadically brilliant music gets an adequate performance from the Glyndebourne crew.

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ART

Masterpieces of the Louvre: Part I

While French governments form and fall, while France tries to halt its descent among the world powers, the Louvre holds its rank at the top of the world's art museums. Even as demonstrators march through the streets of Paris earlier this month, the Louvre's attendance rolled on at a steady 3,000 a day. Nothing short of war or revolution will keep the crowds below 5,000 a day at the peak of the tourist season in mid-August. Nowhere on earth is there another edifice dedicated to man's delight in art that is comparable to the mammoth structure along the Seine, spreading over 49 acres.

Providing a handy anthology of the Louvre's highlights and recording the epic history behind its vast collection have long been pet projects of Art Scholar Germain Bazin, 50, chief curator of the Louvre. In his profusely illustrated *The Louvre* (328 pp.; Abrams; \$7.50), published last week in the U.S., Curator Bazin covers 341 key paintings from the 13th to the 19th century. Next September the record will be brought up to date with the publication of his book on the impressionists. Together the volumes will be a clear case for Bazin's claim that the Louvre "contains the most complete collection of works from all the great European schools, from primitives to moderns, ever to be assembled under one roof."

Louverie or Lower? Bazin makes the dramatic history of how the roof came into being almost as interesting as the works housed beneath it. The original Louvre may go back to the 11th century. Etymologists speculate that the name may come from *louverie* (a meeting place of wolf hunters), or from a leper colony, or from a Saxon fortress (*lower*). Still to be seen in the present foundations are re-



VENUS DE MILO

mains of the mighty fortress that King Philip Augustus erected on the site about 1190. But the Louvre of today owes its origins to France's great Renaissance prince of princes, Francis I, who on Aug. 2, 1540 gave the royal command to begin a palace and pride of kings.

Strolling over the Louvre's polished parquet floors, Bazin likes to philosophize on two great portraits. Titian's *Francis I* (who seems to be examining the jewel of his collection, Leonardo da Vinci's *Mona Lisa*) and Hyacinthe Rigaud's *Louis XIV* (loftily surveying the great expanse of the 300-yard-long *Grande Galerie*). Both have a right to their proprietary air. Bazin feels, since along with Napoleon, they are among the Louvre's greatest benefactors.

Francis I, whose predecessor, Louis XII,



MICHELANGELO'S "SLAVE"

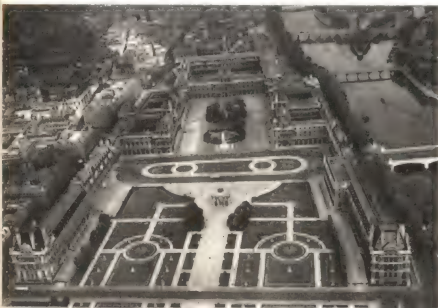
is credited with bringing back Leonardo da Vinci's *Virgin of the Rocks* from Milan (he wanted to bring Leonardo's *The Last Supper*, but it was impracticable to remove the mural from the wall of Milan's Santa Maria delle Grazie), is responsible for starting the Italian collection. Four of his Da Vincis and six Raphaels are still in the Louvre. When Catherine de Medici, a generation later, erected her own palace on the site of an old tile factory, the Tuileries, more than a quarter-mile away, and suggested that the two palaces be joined, the "Great Design" for the Louvre was born.

Constructed over the next 300 years with vast wings and galleries, each in its own varying but harmonious style, the Louvre, completed in 1857, became one of the greatest of royal palaces. Even the vandalism of the Paris Commune, which in 1871 burned down the Tuileries, caused but few tears to be shed. With the Tuileries palace gone, the Louvre acquired one of the world's most breathtaking vistas, extending two miles up the Champs-Élysées to Napoleon's Arch of Triumph.

Largesse & Looting. France's "Sun King," Louis XIV, let fall his rays first on the Louvre before building Versailles, tripled and quadrupled the royal collection. Into the royal preserve came such masterpieces as Titian's *Young Woman at Her Toilet* (the property of Britain's Charles I until his beheading) and Titian's *Mandana with a Rabbit* (which Louis won from a French duke at tennis).

It took the looting of all Europe by Napoleon's armies to surpass such Bourbon largesse. "We will now have all that is beautiful in Italy except for a few objects in Turin and Naples," Napoleon boasted. The booty kept flowing in, including such masterpieces as Veronese's *Marriage at Cana*, largest canvas (22 ft. by 32 ft.) in the Louvre, and Mantegna's

AIR VIEW OF THE LOUVRE; SEINE AT RIGHT, TUILERIES IN FOREGROUND





LEONARDO DA VINCI'S "VIRGIN OF THE ROCKS"

One of the world's greatest paintings, Da Vinci's *Virgin of the Rocks*, was painted before his *Mona Lisa* (also in the Louvre) or *Last Supper*; still glows

with the fresh vision of 15th-century Florentine art. Grouped in oval around Virgin are infant Jesus, and angel pointing at st. John the Baptist.



ANDREA MANTEGNA'S "CRUCIFIXION"

The central panel of the altarpiece for Verona's Church of San Zeno. Mantegna's *Crucifixion*, completed in 1459, is one of the most dramatic depictions of the Calvary scene. Mantegna set

the three towering crosses against a fantastic backdrop of an imagined Jerusalem, heightened emotional impact by grouping sorrow-laden figures apart from indifferent Roman soldiers.



DÜRER'S "SELF-PORTRAIT"

Albrecht Dürer painted himself in betrothal finery, holding a flowering spray that was both a symbol of fidelity and an aphrodisiac. Beside date (1493) he wrote: "My affairs will go as ordained on high."



VAN DER WEYDEN'S "ST. MARY MAGDALEN"

Panel from triptych ordered by young widow, Catherine de Brabant, to honor memory of her

husband is masterpiece of Flemish painting, combines haunting beauty with austere spirituality.



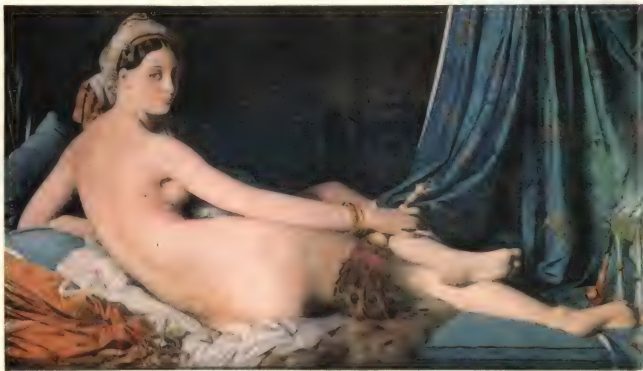


ANTONELLO DA MESSINA

Powerful portrait, perhaps of a mercenary captain, reflects Renaissance ideal of robust masculinity.

TITIAN

Young Woman at Her Toilet, once thought to be a portrait of Titian's mistress, represents a Venetian ideal of statuesque beauty, both opulent and sensual.



INGRES' "LA GRANDE ODALISQUE"

Painted in 1814, Ingres' study created an ideal of languorous, porcelain-skin beauty. His romantic harem girl, noted critics,

had "three vertebrae too many," but Ingres never hesitated to ignore anatomical truth to create an elegant arabesque.

great *Crucifixion*. Added to the warehouses of art confiscated during the French Revolution (including Michelangelo's marble *Slaves*, found in the Duc de Richelieu's town house), the foreign conquests made Napoleon's Louvre the central museum for all Europe, and, incidentally, sparked a museum movement.*

Curator Bazin utters a proud Frenchman's protest against comparing Napoleon's vacuum-cleaner sweep of European art with the wholesale robbery by Hitler and Göring. Napoleon, Bazin insists, was motivated by the lofty ideal of creating a new and universal European culture, and was within the ethics of his time. But after Waterloo, Napoleon's conquerors saw Napoleon's operation uplift in another light, stripped the Louvre of 5,233 precious art objects, left little more than 100 canvases and 800 drawings.

Marble from Melos. The Louvre treasures that visitors see today represent the titanic effort made to recoup from the post-Waterloo low point. Rubens paintings from the Luxembourg palace were brought in to fill the gaps; French archaeologists sent back to the Louvre whole collections of Egyptian and Assyrian art. In 1820 the French Ambassador to Turkey was able to pick up five fragments of marble on the island of Melos for 1,200-1,500 francs (\$210-\$285). Pieced together, they became the Louvre's famed *Venus de Milo*.

Louis Philippe, "the Citizen King," sent his agent, Baron Taylor, to investigate the possibilities in Spain with 4,327,000 francs (\$242,130) got back a staggering 412 Spanish paintings plus 4 Italian and northern works of art. Added to these were 250 canvases will by Scottish Admiral F. Hall Standish. Together they were one of the Louvre's greatest windfalls and lost opportunities. When Louis Philippe was forced to abdicate, he claimed the works as royal property, and they were sold in London after his death. "One does not dare to think of what the museum would have been if this collection had been retained," says Bazin mournfully. "It is the source of most of the Spanish pictures now dispersed in the galleries of Europe and America!"

Once the Louvre became a national museum, Frenchmen proudly willed their masterpieces to it, gave endowments that padded out the government's meager subsidies, allowed such purchases as Van der Weyden's *Braque* (triptych, including *St. Mary Magdalen* (for \$150,000 in 1915). Dürer's early *Self-Portrait* (for \$60,000 in 1922). But the greatest single stroke of luck was one that no contemporary of Napoleon's could have remotely imagined: the emergence in 10th century France itself of a school of painters. This school, says Curator Bazin proudly, "was to bring into the Louvre so many masterpieces of painting that the walls could scarcely hold them."

* Napoleon's art-loot depots became the foundation of Venice's Accademia, Milan's Brera galleries. His brother Louis founded Amsterdam's Rijksmuseum; brother Joseph started Madrid's Prado.



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MEDICINE

Ordeal & Triumph

Into the sun parlor of Atlanta's Emory University Hospital hobbled a solidly built man, taking some of the weight off his artificial left foot with a cane. Doctors, nurses and other well-wishers burst into applause as he completed the ten-yard walk from his room. Charles C. Kilpatrick, 42, warned with a grin: "Not too loud or you'll knock me over." Unaided, he eased himself into a chair, propped his feet on another. Charlie Kilpatrick was going home to his wife and teen-age son, after three years and four months in the hospital and 50 operations to repair the damage caused in an accident that few expected him to survive.

One February day in 1955, Charles Kilpatrick, who worked for Georgia Power Co., was holding a surveyor's rod in the fenced enclosure of one of the company's substations outside Atlanta. Somehow, the rod touched a live wire carrying 11,000 volts. Kilpatrick was savagely burned and lost consciousness. Doctors at the Emory hospital doubted that he would live and it was touch and go for weeks. With third-degree burns penetrating to the bones of his lower left leg and right foot, Kilpatrick mercifully did not regain full consciousness for two weeks. By then, Surgeon William C. McGarity had already amputated his left leg below the knee. His right foot seemed likely to be lost. It was also doubtful whether he might ever regain the use of his right hand.

Triple Plays. Orthopedic Surgeon Robert Kelly Jr. took over. To get skin back onto Kilpatrick's right foot, he had to use pedicle grafts. (Time, April 8, 1957), with the skin flap left attached to its original site to maintain blood

flow until it "took" at the new site. Obvious sources would have been Kilpatrick's left leg—the part that had had to be amputated. So Dr. Kelly had to try a triple play—from right thigh to left stump, later from there to the right foot. This kept Kilpatrick in a grotesquely distorted and uncomfortable position. And the flap died in the first stage. A second try, abdomen to wrist to foot, failed in the final stage. With his patient still sane ("I hated, for Dr. Kelly's sake, to have those flaps go bad"), the surgeon tried again.

For seven weeks, Kilpatrick's right calf and left stump were joined. He could not move his lower limbs as much as a hundredth of an inch. He was anchored by weights and pins were inserted in the bone. Then for four weeks stump and foot were joined. The flap took. Kilpatrick could have saved himself great pain if he had simply asked the doctors to amputate the right foot. "But it's worth all this to a man," says Dr. Kelly, "to have a leg and be able to hobble."

Frogs' Legs Too. Equally tricky and time-consuming were 11 transplants of tendons from amputated legs of other patients to Kilpatrick's right hand and 21 rerouting of a major arm nerve below Kilpatrick's right shoulder. He had to have his arm splinted in a tight "V" at first, saw it gradually straightened over a period of nine months.

With Georgia Power footing the bills, Kilpatrick had round-the-clock private nurses. Carolyn Adkins, a veteran of 28 years at Emory, was with him for all but six weeks of his stay. When an artery burst in his stump, she had to apply a tourniquet all by herself, and it saved his life. To devoted Nurse Adkins it was not all drudgery. Charlie was a cooperative and appreciative patient, and she enjoyed varying his monotonous hospital meals with such delicacies as frogs' legs and shrimp. She fought to keep the sheets wrinkle-free to help save Kilpatrick from bed sores, pointed out proudly: "His back is as smooth as a baby's."

After three years of helplessness, this week cheerful Charlie Kilpatrick is home doing exercises to tone up his disused muscles, expects to start a desk job at the power company on Aug. 1.

Man with a Will

The night before his first (1926) voyage from Vienna to the U.S., "the legitimate father of the inferiority complex," as Alfred Adler once described himself, dreamed that he was "on a ship traveling to an unknown destination with all that he had acquired in the way of treasures during his lifetime. A collision took place and the boat sank; everything he possessed was lost; but he himself, after a long struggle, succeeded in reaching shore."

In terms of Adlerian psychology, this dream revealed both pessimism and courage. It was also a pretty accurate prophecy. Adler made the U.S. his home for



ALFRED ADLER
A psyche is all one piece.

the last three years of his life, but in collision with both Freudians and Jungians, his fame and influence took a hard beating. Today, 21 years after his death in Scotland (where he was lecturing), Adler's Individual Psychology is still the Cinderella of depth psychology's Big Three. To Freudians, Adler's views are superficial and inadequate; to more mystical Jungians, they seem earth-bound and unimaginative. But in a new, revised edition of *Alfred Adler* (Vanguard; \$5), British Novelist Phyllis (*Private Worlds*, *The Mortal Storm*) Bottoms, biographer and longtime friend of Adler, sets out the principles of Individual Psychology so clearly and completely as to suggest that the Adlerian boat is not only still afloat but still carrying riches in its neglected cargo. Adler's theories are perhaps most fascinating for the light they cast—by contrast—on Freudian teachings: for unlike the Freudians, Adler emphasizes man's free will and his individual moral responsibility.

As-If Philosophy. Freudian man stems largely from the great Victorian period of machine genius: the psyche is a systematic motor, complicated but explicable in its deep and unconscious workings. The motor is controlled beyond the individual's power, largely by environment and sex, and can be tinkered with only with the help of that indispensable repairman, the analyst. Adler's starting point is evolution, as interpreted by philosophical Darwinians. Like Darwin, Adler saw man as an evolving species but like Samuel Butler and Nietzsche, he rated man's will far above man's environment and physical heredity.

Man, as Nietzsche sees him, may will himself to supermanly heights, provided his goal is proportionately lofty. But man cannot ever be absolutely certain whether his inspired goal is true or false, concluded Germany's Hans Vaihinger (Adler's



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TIME, JUNE 30, 1958

"special favorite" among contemporary philosophers; the best he can do is follow it as if it were true.

"To Adler," says Author Bottomo, "man was an animal who chooses." If it can be said that Freud "chose" the Oedipus complex on the basis of his relations with his father and mother, it can be said equally that Adler "chose" the inferiority complex on the basis of his relations with a "model eldest brother." Born (1870) in a Vienna suburb, the son of a Jewish corn merchant, Adler could never forget that brother, who became a successful businessman. "He was always ahead of me," Adler once sighed to Author Bottomo when he was in his 60s, "and for the matter of that, he is still ahead of me!" Author Bottomo suggests that the Freud-Adler conflict was partly an Elder vs. Younger battle in which the systematic, authoritarian senior (Freud was 14 years older) held his own against the challenge of a rebellious, free-and-easy junior.

Logic from the Whole. Short in stature, rachitic in boyhood, Adler was fascinated from youth on by the power of the human will as an antidote to physical defects. He took for granted that Beethoven should be afflicted with deafness, that painters should suffer from eye trouble or even be color blind, that Napoleons should be little men—the greater the stumbling block, the greater the readiness with which a determined will changed it into a mounting-stone. In his first and greatest work, the bulky *Organ Inferiority and Its Psychological Compensation* (1907), Adler ran the range of the whole ailing human body, from scrofula to fallen arches, describing in full the many ways in which his patients used their frailties as spurs to their striving for superiority. As Adler saw it, this striving was the very key to evolutionary man, dangerous only when the goal was brutal or otherwise antisocial, tragic only if a failure of courage led to surrender and a falling back into an "inferiority complex" of self-frustrating disillusion. The correction of false or illusory goals and the reawakening of personal courage seemed to Adler the one and only duty of the practicing psychiatrist.

No psychologist with such beliefs could work for long with a colleague who believed with equal passion in a sexual basis of human activity. Sex, to Adler, was neither more nor less basic than eating, drinking, thinking and surviving—"Perhaps I should not call it my favorite function," he said blandly. If his interpretations of psychological behavior seemed shallow to Freud, Freud's seemed intolerably circumscribed to Adler. Nor could Adler follow Fellow Heretic Jung into the distant reaches of the "collective unconscious"—not because Adler scorned mystical conceptions ("Mysticism," he used to say, "is any science that scientists do not understand"), but because he refused to divide man into conscious and unconscious halves. To Adler, man was always all of a piece; what Freud and Jung deemed unconscious, Adler preferred to describe as "the not understood." Said he: "There is

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a logic from the head. There is also a logic from the heart. There is an even deeper logic from the whole."

Organ Jargon. Plump, jovial, determined, informal, Adler preferred lecturing to writing. But he was happiest as a practitioner combining sympathy with what Author Bottome calls a "strong anti-septic of common sense." Rejecting the Freudian couch, he waved incoming patients to a choice of chairs, quietly alert to see if they chose one too far away from him (*i.e.*, at a safe distance) or too close (suffocation tactics). Sure that the body expresses the general tendency of the whole man ("Bodies do not lie so easily as the minds behind them"), he set great store by a patient's posture, gestures and movements, as well as by physical illnesses caused by psychic factors—"the organ jargon."

"There is nothing . . . so upsetting to the ordinary layman," writes Author Bottome, "as [the idea] that his sickness or mental troubles should require any improvement in his character." So-called "scientific" psychologists were equally apt to shy away from any invasion of ethical and moral fields that lay (they felt) outside the sphere of pure science. Adler had no such qualms. Every neurotic, he insisted, was a person who knew what he ought to do but devoted his energies to finding reasons for not doing it. Much as Nietzsche had concluded that the highest will-to-power lay in the highest form of self-discipline, so Adler concluded that no man could rise from an inferior condition to a truly superior one without what he called "social interest." "What a word!" cried one of his followers, on first hearing it. "It does not even exist in philosophy!" An ex-Adlerian doctor told Author Bottome that, as a scientist Adler should have known "that if he insisted on spreading this sort of religious science through the laity, we, as a profession, could not support him."

Popular Prophets. Adler knew it, but chose to follow his beliefs at the expense of his prestige. He carried his teachings of social interest directly to the U.S. layman in half a dozen books (mostly poorly put together and badly translated) and innumerable brilliant lectures. Deserted by the Freudian "priesthood," ignored by leftist intellectuals in search of systematic formulas, Adler died leaving no school behind him, no formidable center or training ground for the education of future Individual Psychologists. Many of his discoveries were quietly absorbed by other factions (*e.g.*, the psychosomaticists and child psychologists of almost all persuasions). Much that he had expressed plainly but severely was mouthed to death in mangled form by popular prophets, such as the late Dale Carnegie.

Today, only the inferiority complex remains inseparable from the name of Alfred Adler. But Author Bottome's biography, in a world that is increasingly distressed by over-systematized modes of collective thought, may help restore the reputation of a doughty spokesman for human choice and free will.



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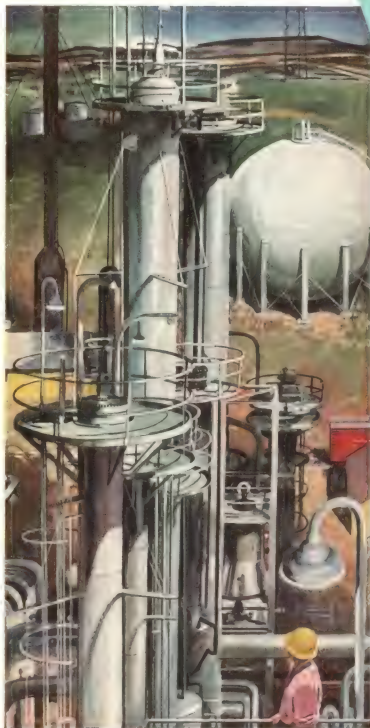


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RELIGION

The Quiet Armenian

One of the youngest, most brilliant and most cosmopolitan cardinals moved into a strategic Vatican post last week. The post: propretor of the Sacred Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith, the job in which Chicago's late Cardinal Stritch never had a chance to serve (TIME, June 9). The cardinal: Russian-born Gregory Peter XV Agagianian, patriarch of Cilicia of the Armenians, the church's top expert on Russian affairs, and often mentioned as a future Pope.

"This Small Boy," Lazarus Agagianian (pronounced ah-gah-jahn-yan) was born 62 years ago in what is now Soviet Georgia; is a member of the Uniate group of Armenian Christians.^{*} Agagianian was so bright as a child that his instructors in Tiflis sent him to Rome when he was only eleven to study at the Urban College of the Propagation of the Faith. The college rejected him because of his youth, but before he was sent home little Lazarus was permitted to join a group audience with St. Pope Pius X (canonized in 1954), who noticed him and predicted: "This small Armenian boy will render great services to the church." Lazarus was allowed to enter the college after all.

At 22, he was ordained priest, and two years later went back to Russia, then in the throes of the revolution, where he served two years as pastor in Tiflis. One day he met an old woman named Djughashvili, who told him proudly: "My son

^{*} For whom Pope Benedict XIV established a separate patriarchal see in 1742. This group is one of nine Eastern churches which differ in liturgy from Latin rite Catholics but are in communion with Rome in all matters of faith and morals. The other Eastern rites: Byzantine, Alexandrian, Antiochian, Chaldean.



Associated Press

CARDINAL AGAGIANIAN

For special experience, a special role.



Keystone

MARXIST MARRIAGE CEREMONY IN EAST GERMANY
For better or for worse, an atheist liturgy.

once studied for the priesthood, too." Her son's other name: Stalin.

Recalled to Rome in 1921, Father Agagianian became vice rector (later rector) of the Pontifical Armenian College. He added to his store of languages—he is now fluent in eleven, including English, Russian, French, German, Italian, Latin, classical Greek and Hebrew, and understands, but does not speak Arabic.

No More Stovepipe. In 1937 he became patriarch of the 120,000 Armenian Roman Catholics scattered throughout the Middle East. As patriarch he took the name Gregory Peter XV. Nine years later Pope Pius XII gave him a red hat, and as cardinal he continued administering the affairs of the Armenians, shuttling between Rome and his residence in Beirut.

In his new job, quiet, witty Cardinal Agagianian will give up his patriarchate and replace the brimless stovepipe headgear of a patriarch with a simple biretta. But with his special experience in Russian affairs and in the intricate network of relationships in the Communist-infiltrated Middle East, his new position at the helm of the Roman Catholic missionary movement makes him one of the most potent and important men in the Vatican. Last week the Pope conferred a further honor on Cardinal Agagianian—naming him to the Supreme Sacred Congregation of the Holy Office, most important of the Holy See's twelve administrative bodies, whose prefect is the Pope himself.

Socialist Wedding

In their Marxist war against Christianity, East Germany's Communists try to abolish as many religious rites as possible, but they have found that even certified atheists have a hankering for ceremony. Result: an atheist liturgy in which the Communists have substituted "name-givings" for christenings, "youth dedications" for confirmations and "secular fu-

neral orations" for religious burials. Latest addition: the "socialist wedding."

A typical socialist wedding took place in Leipzig last week. Time: 3 on Saturday afternoon. Place: Culture Room of the People's Owned Iron and Steel Works. On the stage sits the factory's string orchestra, in the audience a couple of hundred "workers' delegates" looking forward to the free drinks. At a barked command comes the sound of marching feet and in tramp flag-bearing comrades (male and female) from the parachute group of the paramilitary "Association for Sports and Technology." The orchestra strikes up a Beethoven minuet, and through the lane of parachutists come the bride and groom.

The city registrar makes a speech, ringing with fine phrases—"class struggle," "power of the party," "workers' glory and honor." The bridal couple pledge themselves to faithful service of "the workers' and peasants' might," everyone sings the East German national anthem, and children recite "socialist poems." Fellow workers hand over their presents, bride and groom are showered with flowers; the orchestra plays the *Intermezzo* from *Cavalleria Rusticana*, and it's all over.

The New Army

Forty-three soul-savers walked amid the soft lawns and chandeliered salons of what had once been a "gentlemen's club of ill repute" not far from London last week, and talked about the good old days. The high command of the Salvation Army was meeting for a 16-day special session at its Sunbury on Thames training center, and the agenda before it was privately described by the commissioners as a "crisis." For sinners are not what they used to be—and the Army is.

One Man's Shuffle. When General William Booth launched a new era in evangelism 80 years ago with his drum-thumping, quasi-military corps, sin was

conspicuous and shocking. A prostitute looking for a respectable job ran the risk of being thrown bodily out of her prospective employer's premises, with the chair on which she had been sitting thrown after her as too contaminated for decent people. Skirts were drawn aside from an unmarried mother, and curbstone drunks would crowd the Army's public meetings desperate for hope and help.

In today's city streets—half-deserted at night to television—tariffs that cheerfully about their business to the Army's midnight patrol. Illegitimacy, in the words of one commissioner, "isn't even a tragedy, much less a social stigma." So few derelicts approach the Army's mercy seat these days that the shuffle of one man toward salvation at a recent London meeting has been the talk of the Army ever since. And the welfare state, with its complex of psychiatric and rehabilitation centers, prompts the downtrodden to turn to government instead of God. Said General Wilfred Kitching, son of Founder Booth's secretary and now head of the Army, in his opening address: "Anti-quoted methods must be set aside, unproductive activities abandoned, and new strategies examined."

More Democracy. Salvationists. Kitching feels, must "get down from the pulpit and in among the sinners. Souls today are saved by reason, not exaltation."

In addition, he feels, the military structure of the Army could stand "a little more democracy." Said Kitching: "In the old days, the individual in the Army was of no account. He was told to go here or there, and he did; but now we must take some notice of a soldier's wishes."

One thing that definitely will not change: the Army's attitude to indiscriminate sex and to spirituous drink. "Every one of the thousands of Salvationists," said General Kitching, "is a total abstainer. We deplore the easy thinking that exists today in the matter of sexual license and impurities."

Decisions. Everything the commissioners heard was not on the debit side. The 50 British Army centers of 80 years ago are now more than 20,000 in 86 countries, and the original band of 57 evangelists is now an army of more than 27,000 fulltime officers with hundreds of thousands of "soldiers" and local officers (the women's groups number 300,000). By the time the meeting closed (with a festive tea), the commissioners were confident that a new Army was on its way. Among decisions taken:

¶ Overhaul of the Army's training program, increasing the training period from nine months plus a year's probation to two years' training and a year's probation.

¶ Revision of criteria for the 600-man teaching staff; in addition to good character, familiarity with the Army and the Bible, teachers will henceforth be required to know how to teach.

¶ New emphasis on spiritual counseling and instruction in Christianity.

¶ Modernization of the Salvationists' "religious language" and increased use of the printed word, radio and television.

Faster & Faster

"It would be silly to exhaust yourself in the heats," said Australia's Merv Lincoln after he loafed through a fast 4:07.9 mile to qualify for the National A.A.U. championships at Bakersfield, Calif. Aussie Herb Elliott felt the same way. But Herb Elliott, who at 20 shows every sign of becoming the greatest miler ever, seems constitutionally incapable of not cracking



Associated Press
AUSSIE MILERS ELLIOTT & LINCOLN
He can't help breaking those records.

some sort of record every time he puts on his spikes. He breezed through his heat in 4:01.4, a new meet mark.

Next night, both men were really trying. But Elliott, who had spent more energy in the trials, also had more in reserve. With Oklahoma's Gail Hodgson and California's Don Bowden to pace them through the first three quarters, the two Aussies came into the final lap with 3 min. 3.8 sec. gone. It hardly seemed probable that they would crack four minutes. But now that the race belonged to them, they both dug in. They sprinted through the last lap like fresh quarter-milers. Lincoln's fine finishing kick brought him to the finish in 3:58.5. But Herb Elliott's incredible condition brought him home even faster than that. He was timed in 3:57.9, a fleeting tenth of a second faster than Aussie John Landy's fisted world's record.

Speed & Suspense

In *les vingt-quatre heures*, the great 24-hour endurance test at Le Mans, France last week had everything that 250,000 paying spectators could have asked of an auto race: spectacular speed right from the start, heart-stopping suspense, and, almost inevitably, sudden death on the treacherous track.

Britain's Champion Stirling Moss whirled out of the pits and whirled into the lead with his dark green Aston Martin, hoping to con the whole team of Ferraris into giving chase. Last year this stunt made wrecks of the bright red Italian cars; they burned out before they really got into the race. This year California's Phil Hill and his co-driver, Belgium's Olivier Gendebien, played it smart: they kept their 3-liter Ferrari well back in the pack. And they saw the field thin rapidly as they nursed their car along. Last year's winning Jaguars, their engines cut down to meet the new 3-liter limit, began to fail after 15 minutes. Moss rattled to a stop within three hours. The course became an automobile boneyard.

There was worse to come. A series of heavy rainstorms drenched the dangerous track and dimmed visibility. Five crack-ups, one a three-way collision, followed in rapid succession. With good equipment and good driving, no one was seriously hurt. Then, roaring through pitch black night into the tricky stretch that leads to the corner called *Treize Rouge*, French Driver Jean Mary (real name: Jean Brousseau) drove head on into a steep embankment. His Jaguar bounced back into the path of an onrushing Ferrari. Somehow the Ferrari driver, Los Angeles' Bruce Kessler, dived from his seat just before the explosive crash, and escaped death. But Jean Mary died in the wreck.

Through all the downpour, Hill and Gendebien and their Ferrari managed to stay out of trouble, and slowly they worked into the lead. At the end, none of the competition was really close. Hill finished the race after covering 2,540 miles in 24 hours at an average speed of 106.21 m.p.h. He had beaten the second-place Aston Martin by 100 miles. If the worst weather and the worst track conditions in the memory of Le Mans veterans had kept him from a speed record, Phil Hill had still set a record with which he was more than satisfied. He was the first American ever to win *les vingt-quatre heures*.

Fortunate Finisterre

Beating to windward in a black night of rain squalls rolling up from the southeast, the vanguard of the 21st biennial Newport-to-Bermuda yacht race boiled past the finish line off St. David's Head in a swirl of windy confusion. Busy skippers forgot to flash their sail numbers in code to the race committee, and their boats slid by in the gloom, unrecognized and unrecorded. To compound the chaos, a few pessimists figured that they had failed to fetch the line, came about and crossed it again. Not until they had suffered through an hours-long session did frantic officials make sense out of what they finally decided they had seen. First to finish the 635-mile thrash to the "onion patch" was the 64-ft. yawl *Good News*. Overall winner on corrected time, for the second time in a row,

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CARLETON MITCHELL'S "FINISTERRE" SLIDING DOWN TO BERMUDEA
Fast and little boat deep and big.

Morris Rosenfeld

was Carleton Mitchell's beamy keel-and-centerboard yawl *Finisterre*.

For *Finisterre*, the victory was a kind of vindication. Ever since her swift, shallow hull lines were laid down on the drawing board of noted Naval Architect Olin Stephens four years ago, competitors have complained that she was nothing but a rule beater. She was designed, said her detractors, to take advantage of loopholes in the ocean-racing handicap rule, getting such a large time advantage over sounder, abler craft with conventional deep keels that no one could catch her. In response to this complaint, the Cruising Club of America revised its calculations, sent *Finisterre* off for Bermuda with a shortened time advantage.

White Water. The start off Newport came in a spanking northwester, and a too-daring majority of crews broke out their spinnakers. The billowing kites caught more wind than they could handle. The U.S. Naval Academy's 44-ft. yawl *Fearless* was knocked down and her decks rolled under white water until she finally worked free. The 45-ft. sloop *Sirius* lost her spinnaker over the side and caught the waterlogged tangle with her keel. Two days later the *Finisterre* had spinnaker trouble too. Despite an elaborate net of lines designed to keep it from fouling, the soaring, cranky sail yanked loose and fouled blocks at the head of the mainmast. For a nerve-racking hour Skipper Mitchell headed *Finisterre* back into the wind, riding under jigger alone to keep his boat steady while a crew member was hauled

into the rigging to make repairs, and other boats slipped away toward the horizon.

Shallow-draft hulls are at their best in a following wind, and the wind stayed aft for three days. *Finisterre* ran downhill and showed her stern to many a deep-keeled craft that might have passed her had they been slugging it out to windward. Four days out, *Finisterre* got another break when the big boats up ahead ran into a calm. While they slatted helplessly, the smaller boats like *Finisterre* closed the gap the big fellows had opened up. On the last day, when storms made up in the southeast, *Finisterre* held her own in dusty going and drove home an easy winner.

X Factor. When the race committee had completed its calculations and the winners in each class were announced, it was Yacht Designer Stephens (who stayed home all the while) who did as well as anyone. Not only had he produced Winners *Finisterre* and *Good News*, he was also responsible for the three class A leaders (on corrected time) *Legend*, *Gesture*, *Argyll*, Class C Winner *Glory* was one of his boats; so was *Goliwogg*, runner-up to *Finisterre* for the overall trophy.

But *Finisterre*'s Mitchell was convinced that Designer Stephens had put something special into the sleek hull that has carried him to so many victories. Said he: "Every once in a while a boat comes along that seems to go faster and do better than the naval architects say is possible. It must be some kind of an X factor, an extra. I guess *Finisterre* is one of those fortunate boats."

Early Foot

Montana's Jack Westrope had what race-track people call "early foot." He was only twelve years old in 1930 when he rode his first winner on a bush-league track in Lemon, S. Dak. Just three years later the wiry little jockey won his first race on a major track, and he went right on to boot home 300 more winners before that racing season ran out—the first of the modern riders to break past the 300-winners mark.

Cocky and supremely self-confident, Jack Westrope rode to win—and let the stewards look out for the horse or rider who got in his way. Set down for a variety of race-track offenses—both afoot and horseback—Jack Westrope talked back to track stewards, fought back in the courts. And sooner or later he always got back on some good mounts. He was never again the country's leading rider, but he won a total of 2,467 races, and he rode his mounts to winnings of \$3,226,627.

No one knew better than Jack Westrope the dangers of his profession. His older brother was also a jockey, and he was killed in a spill at Tijuana in 1932. Last week Jack went out to ride the King Ranch's Well Away at Hollywood Park with his old, slashing style. A quarter-mile from the wire the filly began to lug in. Westrope stood up in the stirrups and walloped her on the head to keep her from bolting off the track. Nothing worked. His mount threw him onto the rail, and he died of multiple fractures and internal injuries soon after he reached the hospital.

Scoreboard

❑ Eager on by a righthanded Alabama pitcher named Frank Lary, the Detroit Tigers have turned into a team of raging rebels. Fairly foaming at the very sight of a Yankee, the American League's spring patsies have become summer terrors, clawed the Yanks seven times in a row, pushed their season record to eight-out-of-twelve over the league champs. Lary himself has accounted for half the victories.

❑ Before the Intercollegiate Rowing Association regatta started, the Cornell varsity was known as the best nonwinning crew in the nation. When the regatta ended, every Big Red crew on Lake Onondaga had proved a good deal better than that. After falling scant seconds short in shorter races all season, Cornell finally found the three-mile I.R.A. course just the right distance. Understroking the opposition all the way, the varsity beat Navy by three lengths. Using the same tactics, the Jayvees and Freshmen completed Cornell's second sweep of the lake.

❑ Keeping his eye fixed on all possibilities of turning a fast buck, Wilt ("The Stilt") Chamberlain, the 7-ft.-2-in. lapsed amateur from the University of Kansas (TIME, June 2) looked over the basketball season ahead and announced a change of plans. Rather than gamble on taking his own team on tour, Wilt decided on a sure thing. He signed a one-year contract with those skillful showboaters, the Harlem Globetrotters. His pay: \$65,000.

*"I never carry
more than
\$50 in cash,"*

says DAVID NIVEN

starring in Michael Todd's

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BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

Bet on the Future

In a major anti-recession move, the nation's largest steel producer last week plunked down another hefty bet on the future. U.S. Steel Corp. announced plans to raise \$300 million through debentures in mid-July. The bond offering will rank among the largest ever made by an industrial firm, equaling Big Steel's in 1954 and issues floated by General Motors in 1953 and General Electric in 1956. Said Robert C. Tyson, chairman of Big Steel's Finance Committee: "The purpose of this is to add money to our funds to restore working capital that we have used for expansion. Now is a good time to get money."

The fact is that Big Steel, which had planned to finance the bulk of its projected \$665 million expansion program for 1958 (TIME, March 24) through profits and depreciation charges, has been hit by the profit squeeze and the inadequacies of depreciation allowances. By going into the public market, it will improve its cash position, make it easier to continue its expansion program without further dipping into working capital.

U.S. Steel, which has kept mum about whether it will raise prices to meet automatic July 1 wage hikes (estimated to cost steel firms 20¢ an hour), last week gave a hint of its intentions. Said Big Steel President Clifford F. Hood: "While costs are a major factor in any price determination, any adjustment of sales prices can only be made in the light of all known commercial and economic factors. The only point we have reached to date is not to attempt to change our prices until the situation clarifies itself."

Steel specialists, such as Editor Tom Campbell of *Iron Age*, took President Hood's statement to mean simply that Big Steel, traditionally the industry leader in raising prices, does not intend to hike its prices July 1 but will do so eventually. Steelmen are awaiting an announcement this week of the Consumer Price Index to tell them how great a cost-of-living increase they will have to add to their contract wage boosts.

Smaller Inventories

Most economists agree that there will be no strong turnaround in the economy until business stops living from hand to mouth and starts building up its inventories again.

This week there were signs that the worst in inventory liquidation—which reached a phenomenal annual rate of \$9 billion—may be over. The Commerce Department reported that while there was "no clear evidence that inventory liquidation is slowing," sales and production have steadied. The history of previous recessions shows that once sales steady, inventory liquidation comes to an end

(see chart). Wholesale and retail sales moved ahead in April, are expected to show a slight drop for May. If they hold steady for a few months, economists hope that the cut in inventories will end.

But the buildup is likely to be slow and cautious. For some time businessmen have tended toward lower inventories because heavy inventories are expensive and improved transportation and increased industrial capacity have made materials easy to get. Many retail stores are ordering smaller quantities more often, getting by with a 30-day or 60-day supply instead

gains add up to an all-around recovery."

FORTUNE's predictions through 1959: the gross national product will rise \$50 billion to \$470 billion by the end of 1959, while production will jump 20 points from 128 last quarter to 148 on FRB's index. Both will be new records, "with a wider margin in G.N.P. over past peaks owing to great and steady expansion in services, which have not declined in the recession."

CONSUMER GOODS

Furniture Sag

In a self-critical mood, 30,000 furniture makers and dealers swarmed into Chicago for their annual summer show last week and gave out some sad statistics. Retail furniture sales sagged 4% last year to an estimated \$3.7 billion, are down another 10% so far in 1958. This year the average U.S. family will spend less than \$62 on furniture, and 83% of all families will buy no major piece of furniture at all.

Furniture has been particularly hard hit by the durable-goods recession because furniture purchases are usually postponable—until the chair breaks down. Business began to slide early in 1957, several months before the recession started. "We had become spoiled," says San Francisco Retailer Harry Jackson. "There was very little urgency or excitement in our field until two years ago, because houses were going up so fast that we had a built-in market. The only creative part was modern furniture, and that was mostly Scandinavian."

Low Style & High Price. One of the problems is that U.S. furniture is low on style and high on price. But there are deeper reasons for the slump, as the biggest furniture maker, Kroehler Manufacturing Co. (1957 sales: \$90.5 million) learned in a broad market survey released last week. The U.S. housewife, reported Kroehler, believes that her reputation for "good taste" depends greatly on her selection of furniture. But she does not know for certain what "good taste" is, and the furniture industry has done little to help her learn. In choosing furniture, the American woman "must do credit to her husband's taste in 'wife choosing.' She is proving herself in a completely visible way, and she finds the idea frightening." Concludes Kroehler: "The American consumer approaches the purchase of furniture much as she approaches a visit to the dentist. She must go sooner or later and will probably feel better afterward, but it is such an agonizing experience that maybe it could be put off for a few weeks, a month or even a year."

The market is cluttered with so many different styles that the homemakers often do not know what to buy. On the production level, there are some 4,000 different manufacturers, each with styles of his own. On the retail level, complains Executive Vice President Jim Best of the South-



Trust Chart by V. Puglisi

of the 90-day supply they might have carried a few years ago. Manufacturers are doing the same. Steel customers are buying more of their steel from warehouses instead of directly from the mills, even though prices are as much as 30% higher, because the customer can save money in processing and storing costs. Small inventory is another byproduct of recession, but any real upsurge in sales would send businessmen scrambling to the producers for more goods.

End to the Recession?

"The upturn in business is now a fact and not just an expectation," said FORTUNE this week in its monthly report on the U.S. economy. It is no longer a question of touching bottom—that happened some weeks ago. The question now is how fast the recovery will spread. "Even the incomplete data for the second quarter add up unequivocally to more than a seasonal gain." Not only did defense outlays and public works shoot ahead, but housing, car sales and production of steel, lumber, apparel, aircraft, petroleum were all on the upgrade. The FRB index of production, which rose a point in May, will probably be up another point for June, said FORTUNE. "Together, these

ern Retail Furniture Association, there are many fast-buck artists who high-pressure consumers into buying furniture that does not suit their taste. Says Best: "The American housewife has lost her confidence in all but a few established furniture dealers. But she is still so confused with the wide choice that she often takes home something that she neither needs nor wants."

Stylish & Sensible. Furniture men feel keenly that something must be done. What they did last week was to form the Home Furnishings Council of America, with a budget of \$1,000,000. Among other things, the council will try to educate the housewife on the basics of furniture buying, will send speakers and films to women's clubs, farm and teen-age groups, Parent-Teacher Associations and firms that employ many women. It will also train salespeople—many of whom do not have the best taste in furniture—to help the housewife find out what she really wants, show her what new pieces will fit in best with her old furniture.

The promotion drive is long overdue. As in the automobile business, salesmen have become order takers waiting for customers to come in; seldom have they gone out and solicited the most likely customers—newlyweds, new parents, new homeowners. Yet furniture men are the first to admit that promotion alone is not enough. The real remedy for the industry's ailments is to produce better-styled, lower-priced furniture. Kroehler recently brought out a medium-priced line (see cut) that follows the new trend of matching pieces for all rooms, and it is selling well. With it, a family can furnish a two-bedroom house for less than \$2,000. Furniture men will have an increasingly tough time trying to sell cheap but poorly made or cheap but flashy furniture, known in the trade as "Borax." Said Indianapolis



KROEHLER'S FURNISHINGS FOR TWO-BEDROOM HOUSE
For the average family, less than \$62 a year.

Arthur Siegel

Retailer Harry Schacter, co-chairman of the new council: "Manufacturers and retailers who stay with Borax will go down the drain. The taste level of Americans is being raised."

Scrapped Sack

From Manhattan's cluttered Seventh Avenue, hub of the \$5 billion women's garment industry, came a pronouncement last week: the sack is dead, and the chem-

ise is so changed it will hardly be recognized. A record swarm of 3,578 out-of-town buyers crowded into the garment district for the annual June showings of fall fashions, heard the judgment of the manufacturers: they simply are not making the sack. As for chemises, since some big manufacturers found they had dropped to 5% of sales, they are on the way out, too.

Said a buyer: "The one truism of the dress business is that any design that requires slender hips will never be commercially popular."

For fall, buyers turned to the "relaxed look," a slimmer, trimmer, tighter version of the chemise. One fast comer is the empire style—a bust-emphasizing high waist with a flaring skirt. Fall dresses will be two or three inches shorter than last fall's models, and colors will be gayer and splashier.

Without a clear style for fall, buyers were a bit confused as to what to choose. They took a little of everything and not much of any one thing, and left Seventh Avenue with some unfilled order books.

WALL STREET

Reasons for the Rally

With encouragement from the pickup in business, the stock market rose to a new 1958 high last week. Stocks hit 478.07 in the Dow-Jones industrial average, then recovered from a sharp sell-off to close the week at 473.60. Encouraged by the Senate vote to repeal the 10% passenger and 3% freight taxes, rails closed at 119.17, a whisker under the year's high. But while the confidence of many investors re-

TIME CLOCK

AIR TRAFFIC is showing first decline since 1949. Recession and recent air collisions cut revenue passenger miles in May by 2.6% below year-ago level.

WEST GERMANY will remove last restrictions on investment by foreigners to attract new capital. German yields, especially in bonds, often are almost double those in U.S.

1959 CAR SALES will hit 4,700,000 to 5,200,000, excluding imports, say Detroit dopesters. They figure deferred buying from this year (expected sales: 4,200,000) will lift market, though not to 5,980,000-car level of 1957.

LOUIS WOLFSON has unloaded one-fourth of his 400,000 shares in American Motors, will sell the rest because he figures stock will not top recent high (\$14.88).

BUDGET DEFICITS will continue indefinitely. With deficit expected to reach \$8 billion to \$13 billion in fiscal

1959 (TIME, June 16), Budget Director Stans says: "I do not see any possibility of balancing the budget for several years."

MONEY-LOSING CHRYSLER will get \$150 million revolving credit from about 100 U.S. banks. Credit pool will run through September 1961.

IMPORTS FROM U.S. will be cut by France to curb nation's soaring trade deficit. Rather than reduce nonessential imports from her European neighbors, which threaten to retaliate against French products, France will slash essential imports of coal, oil, machinery from U.S.

U.S. SHOW AT MOSCOW Trade Fair in August will be called off for a second year in row. Promoter Gottfried Neuburger, who won Soviets' permission to stage free-enterprise trade exhibit although U.S. Commerce Department objected (TIME, Feb. 3), failed to sign up enough U.S. firms to show their products.

INDUSTRIAL CONFORMITY

It Can Help Bring More World Trade

AS THE father of mass production, U.S. business pioneered in standardizing thousands of parts and products to spur sales and cut costs. It set up specifications, for example, so that a light bulb would fit the socket no matter who made it. But while showing the world the benefits of standardization, U.S. firms have done a poor job in helping set up worldwide standards. They have left the field largely to other nations, simply because many U.S. businessmen are unaware of the importance such standards play in world trade. This importance was emphasized last week as 1,000 delegates from 40 countries met at Harrogate, England, to bring the world closer to conformity on everything from screw threads to nuclear reactors. Eventually, their decisions will have repercussions from the board rooms of Krupp to the Kremlin, affect housewives from Minneapolis to Vladivostok.

The need for international standards was recognized 50 years ago but did not attract worldwide attention until World War II. In 1947, shortly after the International Organization of Standardization was formed, doctors discovered that an order of Swedish hypodermic needles rushed to epidemic-stricken Egypt did not fit U.S. syringes in use there. Needles to fit eventually arrived—but not until hundreds of victims had died of cholera. Since then, the organization, working through scores of national standards groups, has approved 58 worldwide standards for everything from musical pitch to the abrasion resistance of rubber.

U.S. firms have often taken notice of international standards only when they were being hurt. The U.S. movie industry fought for and got an international film standard based on U.S. standards (with the sound track on the left edge of the film as it goes through a projector) only after the Germans ate into its foreign markets and threatened to establish German standards with the sound track on the other side. Result: U.S. movie companies can distribute worldwide, get 50% of their income from abroad.

Though U.S. firms, in a belated awakening, sent 60 delegates to Harrogate, they have taken the lead in developing only nine world standards. They have not worked at all on 58 of the 142 draft recommendations for standards now being considered, including standards for such big export items as steel and textile machinery. Many standards may therefore be set up contrary to U.S. design, shutting U.S. goods out of nations that adopt

them as effectively as do high tariff, currency restrictions or import quotas.

Since U.S. industrial technology leads the world, many nations could easily be persuaded to adopt U.S. standards as international, thus open up new markets for U.S. products. But while U.S. businessmen have dabbled, the world has not waited. Great Britain, France and The Netherlands have taken the lead in standard setting, and even Russia has participated in one-third more standardization conferences than the U.S. Young industrial nations are already finding it easier to adopt British, French or even Russian rather than U.S. standards. In the last ten years, India has adopted some 1,000 national standards; most were British, only a few American.

U.S. industry has not even taken the trouble—or spent the money—to have its 1,700 national standards translated for use in foreign countries. In Latin America, where the U.S. is the biggest trader, few standards exist. But it is European businessmen instead of U.S. firms who are translating their standards into Spanish and Portuguese in a drive to grab a bigger slice of its growing market.

U.S. firms have already been hurt by not taking part in fixing worldwide standards. They ignored international proposals to govern the size of grooved pulleys and V-belts, later found that the standards adopted were detrimental to U.S. products. Now the U.S., through its American Standards Association, is vainly trying to have the recommendation changed. American businessmen did not participate in discussions for uniform cast-iron pipe specifications, stood back while standards were approved that do not mesh with those in the U.S. Result: U.S. industry has lost business, especially in South America. A major U.S. pipe company recently could not fill an order to Venezuela, for example, because of the difference in specifications.

Most U.S. companies, geared to big production, cannot profitably change their products to meet foreign standards for export orders. But smaller foreign companies often find it worthwhile to change their products to conform to U.S. standards so that they can go after the big U.S. market. Said H. Thomas Hallowell Jr., president of the American Standards Association: "It is no coincidence that American industries doing the largest export business—the electrical and motion-picture industries, for example—are the ones that have helped develop international standards."

turned, the skepticism of others increased. The short position, which has been rising for five months, was reported last week at 5795.103 shares, highest since the records began in May 1931.

Though they are in the minority, the bears are sticking to their thesis that the current market rise is only temporary. "Current stock prices are higher in relation to earnings than at any time since 1946," said Harry D. Comer, chief of research for Paine, Webber, Jackson & Curtis. "What the stock market is going on is a large amount of hope."

But other Wall Streeters saw solid reasons for the rally:

¶ Said Edmund W. Tabell, top market analyst of Walston & Co., Inc.: "Prices are not determined by earnings but by supply and demand. Pension funds and institutions are buying right along. Last July, institutions stopped buying stocks and bought bonds, but today they cannot buy bonds at such attractive yields."

¶ Said Kenneth Ward, partner of Hayden, Stone & Co.: "Common stocks are being purchased as a hedge against long-term inflation. Investors are beginning to realize that many companies are lowering their break-even points, so that when business improves, profits will be better than ever. If we get a pickup in durable sales and a cleaning out of inventories, there will be grounds for a new bull market."

¶ Said Heinz H. Biel, partner of Emanuel, Dettjen & Co.: "The market is going up because it has taken some time for people to realize that the recession ended two months ago. The low point in the economy was reached in April, and pretty soon the statistics will prove it. The bear market is over."

Free Riders Derailed

In Wall Street jargon, a "free rider" in Government bonds is a speculator who buys into a new issue of Governments—often on margins as low as 5%—and hopes they will rise a point so that he can get out with a quick killing. The big advantage is that he can put up only \$5,000 to get \$100,000 worth of bonds; if the bonds advance a point—as they often do shortly after issue—the free rider can sell at a profit of \$1,000. The danger is that the bonds also can go down. Last week the Government bond market suffered its worst beating of the year, and many of the joyriders were derailed with heavy losses.

The biggest break came in the new 2½% interest bonds which came out fortnight ago (TIME, June 23). Many Wall Streeters touted the bonds as sure to rise, as other recent Government issues have risen. Demand was so great that New York City banks' loans to brokers against Government obligations (which helped the brokers to carry the thinly margined speculators) hit a twelve-year high of \$1,357,000,000. Just after the bonds came out, they hit 100½. But by last week the bonds had skidded a full point to 99½, due largely to rumors that the Federal Reserve Board was ready to reimpose a

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Hank Waller—Left
AEROJET PRESIDENT KIMBALL



SACRAMENTO TESTING AREA



ROCKET FIRING

From a flock of deadly birds, plenty of eggs in the basket.

tight-money policy, which would boost other interest rates and make the 3½% Governments unattractive. In a panic, the free riders unloaded.

After the shake-out of the speculators, the bonds hardened a bit. Reason for the rise was the announcement that the Federal Reserve Board had just bought the year's high of \$269 million worth of Government securities, which pumped more lending power into the banking system. That assured Wall Streeters that the Fed had no intention—at least for the time—of reversing its easy-money policy.

CORPORATIONS

G.M. of the Rockets

For 140 seconds, the giant rocket engines quaked and thundered on the stands some 15 miles northeast of Sacramento, Calif., spewing smoke, steam and mud over the revetments. Suddenly the test director shut off the liquid fuel that had produced an awesome 300,000 lbs. of total thrust from the two biggest rocket engines ever developed in the U.S., the main unit for the 5,500-mile Titan ICBM. "O.K.," said the director to a visitor, in the silence that followed. "Now you can go over and see the solid-propellant guys."

Orbits & Torpedoes. At Aerojet-General Corp. last week, the Air Force's huge Titan was only one of a score of missiles whose power comes from the nation's biggest rocketmaker. Aerojet's "solid-propellant guys" were hard at work on the Navy's 1,500-mile Lockheed Polaris as well as a flock of deadly birds named Hawk, Sparrow, Bullpup, Genie. Last week Aerojet blasted off on two new projects involving several exciting new technologies: **¶** Project Dyna-Soar, to shoot a manned rocket-powered aircraft into orbit around the earth and return; Martin and Boeing were named by the Defense Department to head two teams of companies that will present competing proposals for the Dyna-Soar contract. Aerojet was picked to help develop the power plant and the test facilities for the Boeing team.

¶ A rocket-powered antisubmarine tor-

pedo that will home on its target electronically. Aerojet is responsible for developing the entire system, including guidance.

¶ In addition, a lightweight atomic reactor built by Aerojet went on display at Rome's International Congress on Electronics and Atomic Energy; another went into operation in Sicily, while still another is operating at the International Science Center at the Brussels Fair.

Profits & JATO. Aerojet's high-thrust activity has turned it from a mere nickel salute 16 years ago into the General Motors of U.S. rocketry. On 1957 sales of \$161.9 million, it netted \$3,800,000. This year's projection: sales of \$180 million, with a net of \$4,320,000.

Aerojet was founded by Dr. Theodore von Kármán, onetime boss of Caltech's famed Guggenheim Aeronautical Laboratory, who currently splits his time as Aerojet chief consultant and chairman of NATO's aeronautical advisory council. Just before World War II, the Air Force asked him to work out a way to help overloaded bombers take off from short runways. Von Kármán's solution was the famed JATO rocket-booster unit. The only trouble was that the company lacked the capital and the production know-how to follow through on its big military contracts. For those it turned to Akron's General Tire & Rubber Co., which poured \$4,000,000 into the tiny, brainy company (in return for 50% stock ownership) and installed Dan Kimball, then serving as General Tire's director of Government operations, as boss in 1945. In short order Aerojet was making good on its contracts, at one point hit production of 25,000 JATO units monthly. By V-J day it had 1,700 people on its payroll.

Space & Atoms. What saved the company in the postwar planemaker's famine was the same thing that made it grow in the first place: new ideas, plus topflight research into new fields. Gradually extending its contract to 87% ownership, General Tire gave Kimball the funds he needed to push Aerojet into liquid engines for some of the first U.S. military rockets: Douglas' early Nike, the Lark and

Loon for the Navy. Aerojet branched out to work on underwater rocket engines, set up separate departments to pursue both liquid- and solid-fuel engines.

With Korea, the company zoomed. At its Sacramento plant, everything doubled; the cafeteria seating 450 workers was doubled soon after the original building was occupied; so was the solid-fuel engineering building. Entire new divisions were formed, and flourished. Example: Aerojet's Architect-Engineering Division, formed in 1947 to serve specialized needs, was called upon to serve as structural engineer for the rocket test station at Edwards Air Force Base on a \$2,000,000 contract. It went on to a similar job at the Navy's missile test station at Point Mugu, Calif., the Army's Redstone Arsenal, Martin Co.'s Denver plant.

Today, though rockets for the Titan and Polaris missiles still account for the bulk of Aerojet's business, the company is moving fast across the whole spectrum. It formed an Astronautics Laboratory in 1956 to pursue abstract proposals for space flight, acquired two small companies to get ideas and lab space. An ordnance engineering division was set up to explore automation. A third new division, Aerojet-General Nucleonics, is about the most successful of all. Founded two years ago to study the application of nuclear energy to rocket propulsion, it soon went far beyond. The division, says President Kimball, has sold more nuclear reactors for commercial and research use than any other U.S. firm, will soon have 15 around the U.S. at \$95,000 per copy.

President Kimball and his executives make no bones about the fact that all this research comes high. In its 16 years Aerojet has paid only one common-stock dividend. All the rest of the profits go for research in a ratio that holds company expenditures to 30% for production and 70% for research each year. Eventually, probably by 1960 when Titan and Polaris are in production, Aerojet will pay its stockholders regular dividends. But never so much that it cannot lay a big bet on any exciting new field that opens up.

BUSINESS ABROAD

An Appeal to Conscience

An old Japanese custom got a new—and somewhat surprising—raking-over in Tokyo last week. On display at the Shirokiya Department Store went more than 70 foreign-made products alongside Japanese copies so cleverly done that only an expert could tell which twin had the patent right. The purpose: a campaign by the Japanese government to shame businessmen out of pirating foreign designs. Said the Ministry of International Trade: "This exhibit is an appeal to the Japanese people's conscience."

Crowds passing through the display saw copies of Ronson and Zippo lighters, Sheaffer and Parker pens, Bell & Howell movie projectors, Leica cameras, Esterbrook desk-pen sets, Revere Ware copper-bottomed saucepans, even a West German B.M.W. motorcycle. Some Japanese copies were so precise the parts were even interchangeable with foreign products. "There would be many more complaints if people only realized the full extent of the copying," said one trade official. "American electrical appliance makers may be due for an early shock. Japanese appliance manufacturers are rapidly nearing the stage of technical proficiency where facsimile copies will be possible."

Despite the good intentions of the Ministry of Trade, the exhibit seemed to make little impression on the Japanese conscience. Said one gentleman of Japan to his wife at the exhibit last week: "When you see some high-priced foreign product, do not buy it but wait: after a few months a good Japanese imitation is bound to be on sale cheap."

AVIATION

Beware: Jet Crossing

To Douglas Aircraft last week went a \$20 million order from Northwest Airlines for five extra-long-range DC-8 jet transports, thus launching the last of the major U.S. airlines into the jet age. The announcement pushed total commercial jet orders to 262, but it brought no cheers from one important segment of the industry: the men who run the crowded U.S. airways. It was one more reminder that the jet age is practically upon them.

Production of Boeing's 707 jet transport is racing eight months ahead of schedule, and certification is going along so smoothly that the first planes will start hauling passengers barely four months from now. By the end of the year, American Airlines President C. R. Smith and Pan American Boss Juan T. Trippe plan to have eleven jets in the air. The trouble is that the U.S. airways are not—and will not be—ready to mix the 550-m.p.h. jets with 350-m.p.h. piston planes in real safety.

Spurred on by four mid-air collisions costing 126 lives so far in 1958, Congress last week was pushing hard on a bill setting up a Federal Aviation Agency to exercise almost total control over U.S. air space, bring both military and civilian



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MILESTONES

craft under strict ground control. To operate the airways, the Civil Aeronautics Administration is spending \$1 billion to replace the current hodgepodge control with a semiautomatic, radar-based system. The trouble with the plan is its target date: 1963. With a lead-time of 18 months or more for complex radars, CAA is still waiting for 70% of the control equipment ordered since 1956. To be really safe, say CAA men, 85% of the 100,000 U.S. planes now flying would have to be ordered out of the air until the whole new system is in operation.

Radar & Radio. The new airways-modernization plan envisions a network of aerial highways controlled by 100 huge radar scanners much like those at military (DEW line stations). Forty such long-range (up to 200 miles) sets are scheduled to be in operation by July 1959, yet only 27 have been ordered and only one is in operation. The plan calls for 138 surveillance radars for close-in airport traffic control; only 45 are in operation now; another 16 are programmed for early 1960. The plan also includes 23 precision-approach radars (ten now operating), 280 traffic-control radar beacons (none operating), 677 omnidirectional radio units (VOR), 573 short-range navigation units (VORTAC), 235 instrument-landing systems and another 69 airport control towers.

To tie the entire system together, CAA plans a series of giant computers at major traffic centers to keep track of each plane, guide it safely along the airways. By mid-1959 CAA hopes to have computer centers at New York, Washington, Boston, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Chicago and Detroit, add new cities at the rate of six each year. But by next winter, when the first big jets start whistling along the already crowded airways, there will be only one computer operating for certain, and that one on an experimental basis in Indianapolis.

Stopgap Skyrays. As a stopgap measure to reduce the collision danger, CAA last week laid out three transcontinental air lanes that are completely ground controlled. The new air lanes are 40 miles wide instead of the standard 20 miles, extend from 17,000 ft. to 23,000 ft.; all planes, both military and civilian, in the super-skyways will operate on instrument flight rules, fly at least ten minutes apart. Another five routes are under consideration. In addition, all airlines belonging to the Air Transport Association will fly on instrument rules above 10,000 ft., and military planes will operate on the same rules below 20,000 ft.

But, like all stopgaps, such measures are not fully effective. While they do put more planes under ground control, they also increase the strain on the already overworked CAA with its outmoded system. And the big jets will only increase the pressure. Said CA Administrator James T. Pyle: "The public must realize that we cannot eliminate the collision hazard until we fully implement our Federal airways plan, and this is in the order of four years or more. We're not ready because people didn't start five or ten years ago to get ready."

Born. To Maria Pia, 23, Princess Royal of the House of Savoy, daughter of ex-King Umberto of Italy, and Prince Alexander of Yugoslavia, 33; twin sons, their first children: in Paris. Names: Dimitri Nicola Paulo Grogio Maria and Michel Umberto Antonio Pietro Maria. Weights: 7 lbs. 1 oz. and 5 lbs. 13 oz. respectively.

Born. To William Zeckendorf Jr., 28, son and vice president to the thorn of Manhattan's Webb & Knapp real estate firm, and Gurie Lie Zeckendorf, 28, daughter of former U.N. Secretary-General Trygve Lie; their first child, a son; in Manhattan. Name: William Lie. Weight: 7 lbs. 8 oz.

Born. To Marguerite Higgins, 37, Pulitzer prizewinning correspondent of the New York Herald Tribune, and Lieut. General William E. Hall, U.S.A.F., 50, commander of the Continental Air Command; their first son, second child; in Washington, D.C. Name: Lawrence Shawn. Weight: 8 lbs. 3 oz.

Born. To Kirk Douglas (real name: Issur Danielovitch), 41, cinematographer (*The Vikings*, *Paths of Glory*, *Lust for Life*), and Anne Buysens Douglas, 35, onetime pressagent; their second son, second child (he has two more sons by a previous marriage); in Los Angeles. Name: Eric Anthony. Weight: 7 lbs.

Married. Princess Sandra Vittoria Torlonia, 22, granddaughter of the late King Alfonso XIII of Spain (and, on her father's side, of the late Brooklyn-born hardware heiress Elsie Moore Torlonia), daughter of Don Alessandro Torlonia, Prince of Civitella-Cesi, one of Italy's wealthiest men; and Clemente Lequio, 33, widower, father of an eight-year-old child, son of a onetime Fascist Italian ambassador to Spain; in secret, in Rome. Often mentioned as a possible mate for Belgium's bachelor King Baudoin, Princess Sandra met Insurance Man Clemente five weeks ago, married him in defiance of her family, which had called rumors of the match "grotesque."

Married. Timothy Patrick Bowes-Lyon, 16th Earl of Strathmore and Kinross, 40, cousin (on the distaff side) of England's Queen Elizabeth II; and Mary Bridget Brennan, 39, Irish-born nurse who met the earl in a London nursing home three years ago, renounced the Roman Catholic faith to become his wife; in Glamis, Scotland.

Married. Marjorie Merriweather Post Close Hutton Davies, 71, Washington hostess, Post Toasties heiress worth nearly \$100 million, who in 1937 went to Moscow as the wife of the late (TIME, May 19) Joseph E. Davies, then U.S. Ambassador to the Soviet Union, where she lavishly displayed the graces of capitalism to admiring comrades; and suave,

silver-haired Herbert A. May, 66, senior vice president of Pittsburgh's Westinghouse Air Brake Co., a lustrous host and lover of good clubs, who, according to friends, "spends money beautifully" and carries himself "as if he were posing for his own statue"; she for the fourth time, he for the second; in Woodbine, Md.

Divorced. By Rhonda Fleming (real name: Marilyn Louis), 34, titian-haired cinemelon (*Gunfight at the O.K. Corral*); Dr. Lewis V. Mortill Jr., 41, Beverly Hills surgeon; after six years of marriage, no children; in Santa Monica, Calif. Rhonda's novel reason why their union hit the rocks: "He said he was sacrificing his career."

Died. Kurt Alder, 55, German co-winner (with the late University of Kiel Professor Otto Diels) of the 1930 Nobel Prize in chemistry; of a liver ailment; in Cologne, West Germany. The two scientists were honored for discovering in the '20s the diene synthesis of organic compounds, an advance that helped accelerate the development of synthetic dyes, textiles, plastics and rubber.

Died. Alford Joseph Williams Jr., 66, professional aviator, prophet and pioneer of U.S. military aviation, first man to fly over 300 m.p.h. (1925, unofficial record); of cancer; in Elizabeth City, N.C. A onetime baseball pitcher (Fordham and New York Giants), Al Williams joined the Navy in World War I, started a 13-year flying hitch that produced such acrobatic innovations as the inverted falling leaf, made him one of the many fathers of dive-bombing, ended when he resigned from the regular Navy in 1930 in protest against sea duty. A Georgetown-trained lawyer, he was no less articulate than air-minded, wrote a syndicated Scripps-Howard newspaper column while he worked as flying salesman and good-will man for Gulf Oil Co., meanwhile kept a part-time military franchise with a Marine Corps Reserve commission. For advocating a separate U.S. air force, Al Williams was forced to resign from the Marine Corps in 1940. He countered by offering himself and his personal fighter planes—one of which is now in the Smithsonian Institution—should the Navy or its Marine Corps ever need them. The Navy never took him up on it. The Army did.

Died. Herbert Bayard Swowe, 76, one-time (1920-29) top editor of the old New York World; of pneumonia following surgery; in Manhattan (see PRESS).

Died. Alexander III, 89, Greek Orthodox Patriarch of Antioch and of All the East, longtime (since 1931) head of the Greek Orthodox community in Syria, Lebanon, Iraq and part of Turkey, spiritual leader of thousands who have migrated from the Middle East to the U.S. and Latin America; in Damascus.



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CINEMA

The New Pictures

Kings Go Forth [Frank Ross-Eton Production: United Artists], the Hollywood mistreatment of a capable war novel by Joe David Brown (TIME, April 9, 1956), is one of those embarrassing pictures that say all the right things but obviously do not understand what they mean. It says that war is hell, that love is holy, that color is only skin-deep, that insincerity is the root of all evil. But it says all these things as a parrot requests a cracker, by rote and without conviction; and instead of conviction, the picture offers a tediously sentimental farewell to arms and a rather painful exhibition of the sort of placebo liberalism that finds no difficulty in accepting racial equality—provided, of course, that the Negroes in question are well educated, successful in business, and look just like white people.

The story is set in the South of France in the midst of what Author Brown called "the champagne campaign" of 1914. His heroes, a slum-bunny lieutenant (Frank Sinatra) and a rich-kid sergeant (Tony Curtis), fight the Germans all week in the hills, fight the booze all weekend on the Riviera. Then Sinatra meets a pretty girl (Natalie Wood) and falls in love with her, even though her mother (Leora Dana), a U.S. expatriate, has informed him that the girl's father was a Negro.

Not an ordinary Negro, mind you. He was a black Horatio Alger, who started out totin' them bales and wound up president of a big insurance company. What with that and the fact that the girl looks just as white as he does, the lieutenant lets his good instincts prevail. "A lot of people," he remarks with a superior air, "need somebody to look down on."

With the sergeant it is another story. He makes love to the heroine, promises to marry her, but at the last minute casually breaks it off. "Mrs. Blair," he tells the mother without turning a hair, "I've been engaged to some girls, and not engaged to some girls, if you know what I mean. And some of them weren't the kind I'd've taken to the country club. But with the exception of your daughter, all of them were white." The heroine tries to commit suicide; the lieutenant spends the rest of the picture trying to kill the sergeant. In the book they both succeeded, but in the picture the girl survives to exemplify the moviemakers' striking contribution to contemporary sociology—a general solution for the social and emotional problems of the sul-latto. The solution: give up sex.

The Vikings [Bryno Productions: United Artists] of this picture are going to make more money in a couple of months than the vikings of history did in a couple of centuries. Anyway, that is what Kirk Douglas expects, and he can ill afford to be wrong. As producer of the picture, he spent more than \$4,000,000 to rent a fiord in Norway, a castle in

France and studio space in West Germany; to build a 30-acre viking village and to vegetate the countryside with 4,000 bushy-bearded extras; to reproduce a navy of 33 viking ships—a flotilla only slightly smaller than the Norwegian battle fleet; to man his foredecks with such well-known Scandinavians as Ernest Borgnine, Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh; and to hire, as the big name for his billboard, Actor Kirk Douglas.

Producer Douglas set aside yet another \$1,000,000 to light the publicity bonfires and warn the populace that "The Vikings Are Coming!" Reviewers all over the



KIRK DOUGLAS AS A VIKING
Well, the book was worse.

U.S. have been showered with plastic viking ships and savage-looking letter openers in the form of a viking dagger. Seven Norwegian seamen, lured by the hope of adding another Leif to the nautical history of the Northmen, are sailing across the Atlantic in one of the ships used in the film, and the TV cameras will be waiting for them at the docks. The opening of the picture was described by Douglas advancemen as the biggest thing to hit Broadway since asphalt—a "dual première." As thousands cheered and celebrities glittered among searchlights, the picture opened in two major movie palaces at once.

After all the to-do, the reviewers seemed a little let down to discover that *The Vikings* was, as the New York Times phrased it, just another "Norse opera." In fact, it is one of the bloodier bores of the season, and the only good things to be said for it are that the scenery is nice, and the book, a 1951 bestseller by Edson Marshall, was worse.

The story gets under way with a rousing rape as Ragnar the Sea King (Ernest Borgnine) slaughters the King of North-

umbria and has his way with the Queen. Her son, born in secret, is shipped away to Italy, but there's a fiord in his future. Ragnar's raiders capture the child and take him back to Norway as a thrall. Nobody knows that Ragnar is the boy's father, and Eric (Tony Curtis) loathes the old brute almost as much as he hates his half brother Einar (Kirk Douglas), who is Ragnar's legitimate son and heir. One day Eric flies his hawk at Einar's face, and the beast tears out one of his eyes—a scene that is especially effective in Technicolor. In reprisal, Eric is chained in a tidal pool to be eaten alive by crabs, but he calls on Odin, and the tide goes out.

Obviously, the god has preserved him for a better fate, and she soon appears in the startling form of Morgana (Janet Leigh), a captured Welsh princess. Einar drools by the barrel, but before he can sully her honor, she has fled with Eric. "Let's not question our flesh," he tells her, "for wanting to remain flesh." Thereupon he bends the oar for a not very merry England, where after interminable bouts of slashing and bashing, swelling and swiving, everybody seems to go positively berserk with happiness—except possibly the adult members of the audience.

CURRENT & CHOICE

Hot Spell. A tragedy of family life, sensitively interpreted by Director Daniel Mann and a talented cast: Shirley Booth, Anthony Quinn, Shirley MacLaine (TIME, June 23).

This Angry Age. A strong but uneven picture, derived from *The Sea Wall*, a memorable novel about French pioneers in Indo-China; with Anthony Perkins and Jo Van Fleet (TIME, June 9).

Gigi. Colette's slender novelette, larded up with production values and brought forth as a big fat musical; but the show is saved by Cecil Beaton's fruitfully *fin de siècle* sets and costumes—a cinemuseum of exquisite eyeglasses (TIME, May 19).

Rouge et Noir. The edge of Stendhal's satire dulled by sentiment, but all the same a good movie from a great novel; with Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux, Antonella Lualdi (TIME, May 5).

The Young Lions. Irwin Shaw's best-seller about World War II, clarified by an intelligent script and two gifted actors, Marlon Brando and Montgomery Clift (TIME, April 14).

Stage Struck. Local girl making good on Broadway—the hard way; with Susan Strasberg, Henry Fonda (TIME, April 7).

The High Cost of Loving. The hilarious private life of a rising young white-collar couple, described by Scriptwriter Rip Van Ronkel and Actor-Director José Ferrer (TIME, March 24).

The Enemy Below. A DE (Robert Mitchum) and a U-boat (Curt Jürgens) tangling in a running fracas sharply directed by Dick Powell (TIME, Jan. 13).

The Bridge on the River Kwai. Winner of seven Academy Awards as 1957's best picture by the year's best director (David Lean) with the year's best actor (Alec Guinness)—a magnificent war story (TIME, Dec. 23).

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BOOKS

Surf Opera

PHOENIX ISLAND [284 pp.]—Leslie Waller—Lippincott [\$3.95].

Summer fiction is life seen in bikini-scope. It covers little, and that hazily. *Phoenix Island* is the hot season's first literary scantyweight, and it is fitfully amusing. The scarcely disguised locale is the New York summer resort of Fire Island, but the cast of psychoneurotic summer people and scurvy natives needs to be taken with a pinch of salt water.

The heroine of this surf opera is 19-year-old Jordan Moore, a button-bright blonde girl who dreams of carving a career niche in the great stone face of Manhattan. When she hears that the "mass media" set spends its summers on Phoenix Island, Jordan signs on for a baby-tending stint with a one-child family named French—an experience that gradually turns into Operation Mad Ball.

The child is merely precocious, but the parents are nearly psychotic. Jordan's first service to her mistress is to scoop up the razor blade with which suicide-bent Elise French has slashed her wrist. Seems that Elise suffers from bottle fatigue (too much vodka) and pencil-envy. She pines for the days when she used to turn out some of the top publicity copy on Madison Avenue. Hubby Carter is a \$100,000-a-year magazine publisher and as full of answers as an IBM machine, except that he never asks himself the right questions about his wife or his life.

As Jordan meets other Phoenix Islanders, she begins to feel that only the sun, sea and sand qualify as neither phony nor vicious. There is a Beat Generation bop-talker who tries to soft-sell Jordan on a cool love affair. There is a native Neanderthal man who tries to pin Jordan to

the floorboards of the half-built ginnail in which he hopes to mulct the summer trade. There are assorted homosexuals, spivish repairmen and alcoholics-unanimous from TV, ad alley and publishers' row. The crisis on the plot slowly turns is whether the Neanderthal man will complete his ginnail to the ruin of the summer dwellers' dunes. Author Waller neatly wrings a lemon twist of satire from the hectic meeting of the homeowners' protective association. With the aid of a LIFE picture spread and some planted items among Manhattan gossipists, Elise French saves the dunes, her marriage, her babysitter and her self-respect.

Author Waller, 35, is himself a Manhattan public-relations man. His novel is printed on mint-green paper with "chromatically related" dark green lettering. The Whiteford Paper Co.'s E. A. Whiteford, who minted this process, argues that the book has "built-in sun glasses" and saves the reader the "repellent" eyestrain of conventional black and white.

America, I Love You

REFLECTIONS ON AMERICA [205 pp.]—Jacques Maritain—Scribner [\$3.50].

Few Americans would dare say about their country what Author Maritain says—far fear of being accused of extreme patriotic partiality, even of jingoism. But France's Jacques Maritain loves America. And, unlike most European (or American) intellectuals, who are apt to be apologetic or patronizing when they praise the U.S., Maritain proclaims his love with unstinted ardor. Having taught in and known the U.S. for almost a quarter of a century, Philosopher Maritain is familiar with America's authentic face and voice; yet he remains enough of a stranger to stress truths that are overlooked or taken for granted by many Americans. Probably Maritain's central point: "[Americans are] the least materialist among the modern peoples which have attained the industrial stage."

To Maritain, "all this talk about American materialism is no more than a curtain of silly gossip and slander." He coolly measures U.S. attitudes by materialist standards and finds that the label simply will not fit: "America is not egoist; for the common consciousness of America, egoism is shameful. . . . There is no avarice in the American cast of mind. The American people are neither squeamish nor hypocritical about the importance of money in the modern world. . . . The average European cares about money as well as the average American, but he tries to conceal the fact, for he has been accustomed to associating money with avarice." Where, asks Maritain, is there another nation so free with its money for charity? And to the charge that the heart does not go with the money, he asks: "But can we believe that European streets are jammed with people busy giving their hearts?"

In all his basic aspirations, says Maritain, the U.S. is a deeply spiritual coun-



PHILOSOPHER MARITAIN
The U.S. in knowing perspective.

try. He points out that the American's very urge to create wealth is tied up with his vision of a better life for all. Maritain believes that the U.S. has gone beyond either capitalism or socialism to "economic humanism". Says he: "Genuine spirituals love America. Her worst enemies are pseudo-spirituals." Tellingly, Maritain notes what too many U.S. literary critics have ignored: that "American literature, in its most objective scrutinies, has been preoccupied with the beyond and the nameless which haunts our blood."

Maritain's love affair with the U.S. is not an uncritical passion. He concludes that Americans are most anxious to be loved abroad, that they feel their lack of "roots" too desperately ("The worst scoundrel in Europe has roots"), that if success does not come at once, discouragement sets in. He believes that, influenced by a "popularized, anonymous positivistic philosophy," too many Americans are afraid to hold strong opinions. Maritain makes a profound observation about tolerance: "The man who says 'What is truth?', as Pilate did, is not a tolerant man, but a betrayer of the human race. There is . . . genuine tolerance only when a man is firmly and absolutely convinced of a truth . . . and when, at the same time, he recognizes the right of those who deny this truth to exist." He also recognizes that amid America's smiling friendliness there is not enough time or place for the private world of real friendship.

To show that the All-American smile can become oppressive, he recalls a dentist whose nurses made him feel that "dying in the midst of these happy smiles and the angel wings of these white, immaculate uniforms would be a pure pleasure, a moment of no consequence. . . . I left this dentist, in order to protect within my mind the Christian idea of death."

And yet Maritain adds: "Deep beneath the anonymous American smile there is a feeling that is evangelical in origin—com-



AUTHOR WALLER
Life in living bikiniscope.

passion for man, a desire to make life tolerable."

The book has its faults, including occasional oversimplification. But Americans as well as Europeans who wish to understand America should consider it must reading. They will find an illuminating witness to the American promise as well as a heart-lifting prophecy. Says Maritain: "If a new Christian civilization, a new Christendom is ever to come about in human history, it is on American soil that it will find its starting point."

The Retreat

NAPOLEON'S RUSSIAN CAMPAIGN (306 pp.)—Philippe-Paul de Ségur—Houghton Mifflin (\$5).

Count de Ségur's famed diary of Napoleon's Russian campaign is not just another book about Bonaparte: it is the main source of a thousand schoolbooks, cartoons, legends, sermons and second thoughts for would-be conquerors. Nor is it simply a great and exciting war story. To Ségur, as it did to most who survived it, the retreat from Moscow had a deeper personal and political meaning. As a ruined aristocrat who embraced the French Revolution and became aide-de-camp to the Emperor, Ségur took the long cold view.

"After fifteen hundred years of victories, the Revolution of the fourth century (that of the kings and nobles against the people) had been overthrown by the Revolution of the nineteenth century (that of the people against the kings and nobles). Napoleon was born of this conflagration, and he had allied himself so closely with it that it seemed as if the great convulsion had been nothing more than the labor pains of the birth of one man. He commanded the Revolution as if he were the genius of that terrible element."

Copy for Tolstoy. Ségur was seldom far from the Emperor's side during the five fearful months that it took to unravel Napoleon's grand design. He was close enough to hear Napoleon exclaim as he came within sight of the Muscovite capital of logs and gilded domes: "So here at last is that famous city! It was high time!" The remark was used by Tolstoy in *War and Peace*; probably one of the original French editions of Ségur's journal (first in 1824) was before Tolstoy as he wrote his masterpiece. The journal was a masterpiece of its own kind—the work of a man of taste, talent and action who kept an eye for fact amid the most extreme partisanship of war and who could, while still faithful to his Emperor, record the deterioration of a man and his fortunes.

Always Ségur keeps before his eye the vision of the Grande Armée as a sort of international brigade marching to liberate (among others) the Poles from an Asiatic despotism. It was indeed not a French national force but a great group of armies half a million men from 17 nations.

Ségur wonderfully evokes the opening scenes of the disastrous war, with the Emperor surrounded by men whom he had named princes and dukes titled for

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victories in a dozen countries. The great host glittered with invincibility, and the men were still heady with the idea that they represented liberty under arms. They had only to cross the Niemen into Russian territory, and "love and gratitude" would welcome them.

Holy Horror. But sinister portents made the true picture clear. The Emperor's horse fell ("A Roman would turn back," someone said); a gigantic thunderstorm destroyed, among other things, 10,000 horses. Worst of all, there were no Russians to defeat. Ségur describes in familiar scenes how the Grande Armée advanced into silent wastes; the aristocrats burned their houses and took their serfs with them to the East. Napoleon snapped: "Do you think I have come on this way just to conquer these huts?" The Russians were inspired—not by liberty—but by what was literally a holy horror of the French: they would not even eat from a plate a Frenchman had touched. When they were brought to battle, they presented "inert masses" to the French artillery until the gunners themselves stopped, aghast at their slaughter. It had become a war of icon and tricolor. Ségur records his disillusion. "It was no longer a war of kings we were fighting, but a class war, a party war, a religious war, a national war—all sorts of wars rolled into one."

By its nature, this is a book without surprises or scholarly caches of "new material." But it is presented in an admirable new translation by J. David Townsend, a Methodist clergyman in Cohasset, Mass. Above all, it gives evidence on every page that Author Ségur was a war chronicler ranking with Herodotus and Bernal Diaz.

Japanese Nihilist

NO LONGER HUMAN (177 pp.)—Osamu Dazai—New Directions [\$3.50].

One day in 1948, aged 38, Japanese Novelist Osamu Dazai committed suicide by jumping into Tokyo's Tamagawa Reservoir. It was Dazai's fifth attempt, but he had long courted self-destruction in alcoholism and morphine addiction. The son of a rich landowning family, Novelist Dazai was deeply, perhaps disastrously, Westernized. The title of his first novel, *The Setting Sun*, provided a tag line ("people of the setting sun") for postwar Japanese disillusionment and class disintegration. Spare, evocative and heavily autobiographical, Dazai's novels are monochromes of despair. Their only affirmation is the fact that the author took the trouble to write them—and write them well.

The sole emotion the hero of *No Longer Human* feels is a horror of other humans. As a boy, Yozo has merely to watch the rest of the family of ten devour its food to lose his own appetite. When his father asks Yozo what present he wants from Tokyo, his first impulse is to answer: "Nothing." ("The thought went through my mind that it didn't make any difference.") To mask his apathy, the younger feels that he must play the clown, wins from his schoolmates the title of "Harold Lloyd of Northeast Japan."

At college in Tokyo, a coarse painter



Tadashi Dazai

NOVELIST DAZAI
A portion of the setting sun.

friend introduces Yozo to "the mysteries of drink, cigarettes, prostitutes, pawnshops and left-wing thought." For a young man whose will is as weak as his life drive, this strange combination paves the road to the lower depths. Yozo has an affair with a waitress, but flouts his end of their suicide pact. Scrambling for a living as a second-rate cartoonist, he is kept, for a time, by a woman journalist. To keep himself in cheap gin, the cartoonist sinks to pornography. Toward novel's end, Yozo is even ready to make love to a monstrously crippled female druggist in return for morphine.

Out of these squalid though sometimes cruelly moving episodes, Yozo emerges with a stoic creed—"Everything passes." Almost alone among recent Japanese literary imports, *No Longer Human* is strikingly free of cherry-blossom reveries and puzzling Oriental character motivations. If the author's identity were unknown, this novel might easily be taken for the work of a U.S. Southern decadent who had lingered long at the café tables of the French existentialists.

Rappers & Knockers

NOTHING SO STRANGE (250 pp.)—Arthur Ford, with Marguerite Harmon Bro—Harper [\$3.75].

It seems to be getting harder all the time to raise spirits from the vasty deep, and if it were not for a few medium-rare souls, including Arthur Ford, magical goings-on would be largely confined to the hinterlands of Africa, the Caribbean islands and Tibet. The author of this book, a professional medium and onetime minister in the Christian Church (Disciples of Christ), was once urged by his familiar

spirits to get out of the stock market. The time was 1929, and, wherever it came from, it was a rattling good tip. The recipient naturally believed that in the voices of spirits there was great wisdom.

Spiritualist Ford's autobiographic apology does not demand agreement from the reader; table rapper as well as spirit knocker can enjoy it as the record of an unusual man. Ford first noticed that he was unusual when a shavetail at Camp Grant. It was late in World War I, and thousands of soldiers were dying of influenza. Lieut. Ford had to pick up the lists of dead, and one morning he realized that he knew what the names would be before he got the lists. At a loss to explain his strange precognition, he wrote Mother back in Florida to ask if there might be some insanity in the family. Well, in a way, Mother reluctantly replied: there was Auntie Mary—the one the family never talked about. She was a medium.

Snoddy, Tubby & Moody. Out of the army and in Transylvania College (Lexington, Ky.), Ford took his troubles to Psychology Professor Elmer Snoddy. Together they rapped tables, and Ford soon felt himself in his spiritual talents to be one with "Wesley, Luther, Swedenborg, Dwight Moody, not to overlook a high proportion of the saints." Miss Gertrude Tubby, secretary of the American Society for Psychical Research, encouraged the "young and eager psychic," and soon Ford was in London, way beyond the league of Snoddy, Tubby or even Moody. One night, several hundred pounds sterling worth of gems manifested themselves at a seance patronized by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Ford drew a garnet.

Author Ford writes with complete conviction of his own psychic powers. At his own seances, spirits of the dead ("disincarnates," he calls them) manifest themselves through Ford. No historic figures have appeared at Ford's beck and call, and he is suspicious of mediums who claim they can get through to the well-known dead.

Haloid Cabbage. Ford records the early history of the spiritualist movement in the U.S., when it was chivvied by police. Today the law is more tolerant and scientists less skeptical of psychic phenomena. Non-spiritualists, however, will still be depressed by the sad fact that spirits sometimes choose to communicate with the living in such down-at-heel language; it suggests that a lot of education goes to waste when people die.

Ford writes with some humor of high-flying cranks in a spiritualist camp, including one woman who would eat no "dead" food; before she would touch a cabbage, she had to see its aura (a sort of halo that Ford and others claim to observe about people's heads). But his humor breaks down when he expounds his own spiritualist program. The student psychic is told to relax from his toes right up "to the hair follicles," and to bring an unclouded ego to the job of developing his latent spiritual powers. Ford himself began to develop in a big way during a 20-year bender, and notes that many cured alcoholics have psychic gifts. Apparently they go right on seeing things after they give up the sauce.

*To a weatherman,
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*To a mapmaker, this
means a culvert dam*

*But this always means
a growth company in
a growth industry*



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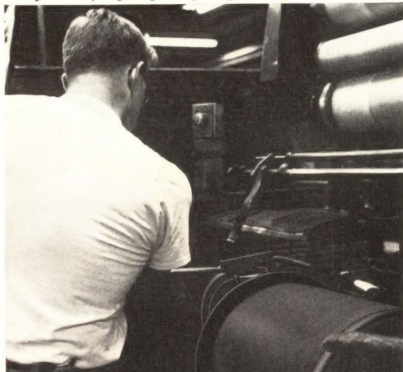
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Blue Genius. In Ardmore, Okla., three teen-age boys, calling a girl in New York, were arrested for trying to deceive a long-distance telephone operator by using tape-recorded sounds of coins being deposited into a pay phone.

Last Angry Man. In Hong Kong, Yu Shui-ming, alias Pee Hai Por ("Leather Shoe Shop"), was asked by a judge to demonstrate how he earned his nickname, pulled off one of his shoes, flung it at the police officer who had arrested him for loitering.

E.G.-Men. In Chesterfield, England, two police cars, demonstrating safe-driving techniques to an audience of 8,000, crashed head on.

Hit the Silk. In Sydney, Australia, when Robert Owen leaned over a balcony to help movers hoist furniture to his new apartment, the railing snapped and he fell 15 feet into his own bed.

The Crucible. In Omaha, Obedience Perfect paid a \$15 traffic fine for failure to yield the right of way.

How It Began. In San Jose, Calif., after International Business Machines Corp. installed a large electronic computer in a new plant, Mathematician William Mitchell equipped it with a glass-enclosed Chinese abacus and a sign reading: "In case of emergency, break glass."

Junior Senator. In Washington, Capitol police said that they would prosecute any person caught operating a tricycle, sled, kiddie car or scooter on the Capitol grounds.

Cricket. In Brisbane, Australia, Jewell Dealer S. Lewis ran an ad offering to take sporting goods in partial payment for engagement rings.

Fine Thing. In Venice, Calif. Frank H. Peyton who quit driving 15 years ago because he had never got a ticket and did not want to spoil his record drew a suspended \$5 jaywalking fine on his 97th birthday.

Friend in Speed. In Miami, Frank Hull and Murray Singer put up \$2,500 bond for Charlie Roberts on his promise that he had "the money at home in a hole in the floor," accompanied Charlie home and stood by while he pried up several floor boards, disappeared through the hole and ran away.

He Went Hathaway. In San Pedro, Calif., two days after her house was looted, Mrs. Henrietta Cheatham pulled up at a stop sign, recognized her husband's shirt on the driver of the car beside her, noted the license number, later told police how to locate long-sought Burglar George Brotsis.

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